JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 11, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1743

PENSION—CASH—XMAS DINNERS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

You need

BOVRIL FOR ENERGY & STRENGTH

The first signs of that "run-down" feeling are weariness and depression. And that's the time for warming, cheering, invigorating Bovril! Because it stimulates the process of digestion, Bovril helps you to get more nourishment from your food. And so it builds up your strength and keeps up your vitality and health.

CARPET BARGAINS

9/-

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 50 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Road, Leeds.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27

SPECIAL OFFER

CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Brush Cleaning Machines. 50ft. Finest Quality Cane fitted Best Brass Screws and Sockets, 3ins. Rose Chimney Brush. Postage 1/-. Ambassador Brush cleaner included. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

14/6

Other sizes: 40ft. 21/-, 50ft. 27/-, 60ft. 31/6, 80ft. 42/-, 100ft. 51/6. F.O.R. The above are best Quality. LEAFLET of Sweeps' and Drain Tools POST FREE.

S. TYZACK & SON, LTD. (J.B.45), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

Easy Chair
Lounge Chair
Full-length Bed
Fireside Seat

21/-

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, 2/- Eng., Scot. and Wales.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD. 82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

PIANO ACCORDIONS

1/-

Benelli, Stefelli, Victoria, Pancotti, Hohner, Crociaelli, 24, 4, 8 voices for 55/-.

Piano Finished Cabinet "Stefelli." Metal bound Bellows. Triple Chord Action. 21 Piano Keys; 8 Bass, complete with Shoulder Straps. Send only 4/6 Deposit for 7 days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay a further 3/- and Balance by Monthly Payments of 5/6 until £9/6 is paid. Full Cash after approval 55/- only. Elaborate Tutor. Write for Illus. List Free.—J. A. DAVIES & CO. (Dept. J.B. 45), 94-106, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

LIQUIDATION OFFER

WOOLLY SWING

GORED SKIRTS

50 Gns. Only. Genuine liquidation offer of famous West End firm. Navy blue woolly swing skirts. Exceptionally smart appearance. Tailor-made from hard-wearing, fashionable, medium weight material. Space requirements force us to offer these beautiful garments at the ridiculous price of 2/11 (Post and Packing 6d.). Sizes S.W., W. and W.X. Limited quantity. O.S. 1/- extra. Also in Black, Brown and Green. Give alternative colour when ordering. Don't delay, send P.O. at once. This offer cannot be repeated.

CLEARANCE PRICE 2/- POST & PKG 6d.

UTILITY PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.1), 97, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Be as Young at 50 As You Were at 25

Here's the greatest medical discovery of modern times—made by a group of Medical Institute doctors. A tonic especially made for men of 40, 50 or 60 who feel old or run down, worn-out, exhausted, low in vitality. Contains rare oyster stimulants, invigorators for blood, nerves, glands, organs, special vitamins for vitality and youth. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, youth. Called OYSTRAX Brand Tonic Tablets. Send P.O. for 1/6. Sent privately post free. If not delighted with quick results, money refunded. Write to-day, Oystrax, Ltd., Dept. V., 20, Tooks Court, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE, PEP, YOUTH OVERNIGHT FOR MEN PAST 40

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

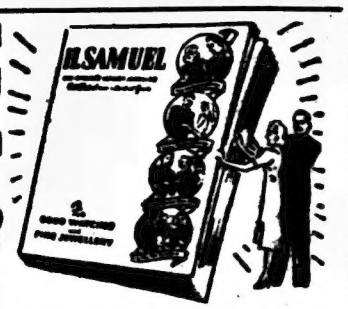
It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. The sounds are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Stamp now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. Y.23), 248, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

YOURS FREE

GET

THIS BARGAIN BOOK OF THE YEAR



Here's your big opportunity to buy the things you like and save pounds in doing it. In this H. Samuel wonder book of bargains, diamond and gem-set rings, reliable watches and fine jewellery, at prices below any you'd expect to pay. H. Samuel sells direct from his own factory, cuts out extra profits and gives the additional advantage that comes from big-scale selling. Tear out this coupon now while you remember, and make certain you get your Free copy of this Wonder Bargain Book.

THE RIVIERA. For ladies. Reliable Jewelled lever, Chromium case, silvered dial, silk wrist strap. Guarantee. 10/6
10/6
New design wrist watch. High-grade movement, Chromium Case, Leather strap. Full written Guarantee. 17/6
17/6

H. SAMUEL

FREE! Send for your copy of 1939 Wonder Bargain Book of Gold Watches, Silver, Electro-Plate, Clocks, Jewellery, Diamond Rings, Gems, Cutlery, etc.

Post to H. Samuel, Dept. 102, Market St., Manchester, 1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Post in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp.)

H. SAMUEL FOR GOOD WATCHES

Headquarters: MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

BLANKETS Free

to all purchasers of our A.R.P. Black-Out Blinds (NAVY BLUE) Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 48 Hemmed for rod.

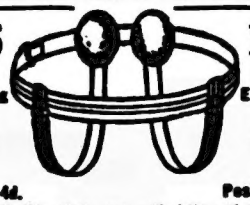
3 for 5/- 7 for 10/-

All above sizes post free. Larger sizes made to order. 10/- BONUS. To anyone our Catalogue every purchaser of 7 Blinds or 10 - will receive 10 - WORTH OF GOODS ENTIRELY FREE, which they may select from our Catalogue of Blankets, Bedding, Ladies' & Gents' Clothing, Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, A.R.P. Necessities, etc. Don't miss this opportunity.

2 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 5/- Bonus for 5 - only. or 7 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 10/- Bonus for 10 - only. This AMAZING OFFER is open for TEN DAYS ONLY. So send NOW.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.), 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

10/6 SINGLE Ex. Strong 15/- in Silk Elastic 17/6



Postage 4d.

15/6 DOUBLE Ex. Strong 22/6 in Silk Elastic 26/-

Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpenetrable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right, or double rupture. A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Supplied through Approved Societies.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B93), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

AUTOMATIC 3 COLOUR Sensational A.R.P. TORCH

Lights change with touch of finger. Complete with special A.R.P. Battery L.T. (repeatable). Handy pocket size, automatic 3-way switch. Invented for War Service and at pre-war price of 2/9, post, etc., 3d. Take notice of a recent warning but buy this torch, made for a specific purpose. First 5,000 ready so buy now to avoid disappointment. *Spare Batteries 2 for 9d. (post 3d.), 5 for 2/- (post free). Spare Bulbs 2/- each.*

S. DAVIES (Dept. J.B.T.3), Government Contractors, Excel House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation. 8/6 DOWN brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON

WRITE for ART LIST

w Dept. 12, 46/47, Newman St., London, E.C.1.

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

The war has restricted travelling and more people are shopping by post every day, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, "JOHN BULL," Room 22, 57/61, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT

6/6 POST FREE

— because it gives support and safety with comfort. Reliable and dependable. Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and feel your younger—better to walk—well without fatigue or strain. Braces sagging stomach muscles. Prevents liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning. NOTE: We consider the belt FREE, of CHARGE after the months' trial. Scientifically constructed of superior elastic web. Washable and hygienic. 6/6 post free. Send NOW, stating waist measurement, to VERGAS (Dept. J.B.), 309a, Oxford St., London, W.1.

ESSENTIAL TO ARMY, NAVY & AIRFORCE MEN, WARDENS, POLICE LORRY-DRIVERS, MOTORISTS etc.

NOT AFFECTED BY WAR!

YOU CAN RUN A SIXIT CLUB

ANYWHERE

ANYTIME

IT'S SO EASY!

6 MEMBERS COMMISSION IN 6 WEEKS

Stop Worrying—the SIXIT Club will meet your need in War Time as in Peace! Go ahead with our Clubs—you can easily organise them. Your family or friends will provide all the members you need. NOW is the right time to start, and it takes only six members and six weeks to complete a club. Clothes and household goods at amazing bargain prices! Whether at home or evacuated you are amongst people who will be glad to join a SIXIT Club, and you get high rate commission every six weeks. Absolutely guaranteed service and quality satisfaction.

"SIXIT" Prices are below Retail Prices.

Become a SIXIT Club Organiser and earn all the spare cash you want. Send COUPON NOW for Big Catalogue; it's FREE!

COUPON To: GEO. DAY LTD., 3, Grosvenor St., Manchester, 1.

Please send me a FREE copy of the SIXIT Catalogue.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

(G.D.744) Post in Unsealed Envelope ½d. stamp.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

Ambitious Readers—Don't overlook this offer.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read the special message and advice of Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield) on page 4. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned. Fill in and post the Coupon now!

THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO EARN MORE

BE A SPARE TIME AGENT FOR US AND GET— LIBERAL COMMISSION.

New Mammoth Autumn Catalogue Free

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF GOODS No "draw." No taking turns.

POSTAGES PAID. Stationery supplied free.

NO RISK. NO OUTLAY.

Generous supply of samples allowed.

FAIREST OF EASY TERMS. You do not need ten or twenty members.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

DESSANTS of LEICESTER ESTD 32 YEARS

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

for every reader of

JOHN BULL

AIR RAID BENEFITS

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.

£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100 for the loss of two limbs.

£100 for the loss of sight of both eyes.

£100 for the loss of one limb and sight of one eye.

£50 for loss of one limb.

£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

ALSO COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

"JOHN BULL'S" unparalleled War Time Gift of Security is sweeping the country. Hundreds of thousands are hastening to obtain this timely protection against the Nazi Air Menace. If *you* have not yet registered, you cannot afford to delay. Every moment is precious.

Think of it! By taking the simple step of using the Forms below you can secure a Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, as well as a Free comprehensive Household Security Gift. Fill up the Forms below to-day—don't leave it until to-morrow!

SIGN FOR SECURITY

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/11/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 11/11/39

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

The NO SOAP–NO BRUSH Method of Shaving

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX

is sold in **6d.**, **1/-** and **1/6** Tubes and **1/6** Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from: SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19

He: Ah, I see you're remembered my Sharex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Larender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

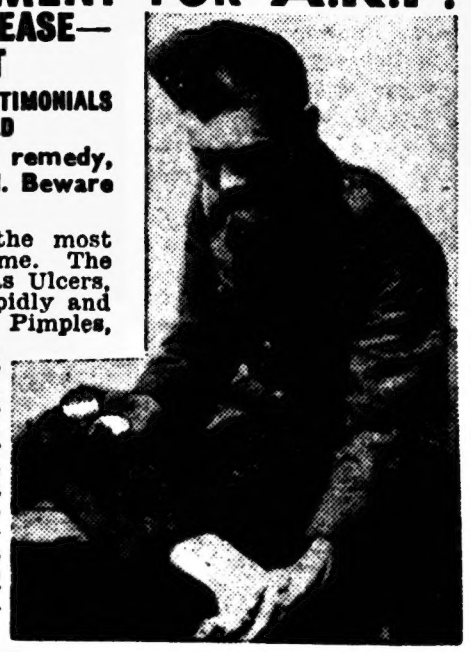
ZEE-KOL BRAND

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.



ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

LARGE TIN 6d.
Other Sizes 1/3 & 3/-

or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. ZK18), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march—at any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for gnat or mosquito bites. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

Remember that

Ovaltine Sleep *is* Nerve-restoring Sleep

YOUR nerves are doing double duty these days. That is why they need the nerve-building nourishment and the nerve-restoring sleep which the special properties of 'Ovaltine' assure.

Although entirely free from drugs, 'Ovaltine' is unrivalled in its ability to induce sleep quickly and surely. And while you sleep it nourishes and repairs the nervous system, recreates energy and refreshes the tired brain and body. Thus you awake in the morning with new vitality and new confidence.

The supreme nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine' are derived from the new-laid eggs which are liberally used in its manufacture. ***No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.***

'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone as a complete and perfect food, containing every nutritive element required to sustain health and stamina. There is all the difference in the world between 'Ovaltine' and imitations made to ***look*** the same.

'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa.

Moreover, the supreme quality of 'Ovaltine' and its concentrated goodness make it most economical in use.

How to protect your Nerves in War-time

1 On no account get over-tired during the day.
2 Avoid war talk as much as possible.
3 Get to bed early and do not read exciting stories
4 But make sure you take a cup of delicious Ovaltine —because— Ovaltine is the beverage containing the maximum amount of nerve-restoring ingredients which sustain the nerves while you sleep

Drink delicious

Ovaltine

–and note the difference in your Nerve-strength & Outlook!

P505A.

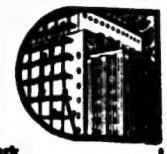
DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc.; to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.



DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?

Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
Agriculture
A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking
Blue Prints
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Builders' Quantities
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship, All branches
Engineering, All branches, subjects and examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Institute of Housing
Insurance
Journalism
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All subjects
Mining. Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Novel Writing
Pattern Making
Play Writing
Police Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Press Tool Work
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Communication
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
School Attendance Officer
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Short Story Writing
Speaking in Public
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Television
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights and Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Manager

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

COMMERCIAL ART

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Department of Art No. 31

JOURNALISM

Short Story, Novel and Play Writing

There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in Story Writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examination, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels or pictures, is not a gift; it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is the most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required, we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it.

Department of Literature No. 31

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS... and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING

If you save 10s. per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2s. 6d. per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save.

Savings are likely to vanish, but earning capacity is a permanent investment.

STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS A COMPLETE COLLEGE; EVERY STUDENT IS A CLASS TO HIMSELF.

IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS NOW IT MAY MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FUTURE

COUPON—CUT THIS OUT

To Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD.

Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

.....

.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Nov. 11, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

HITLER'S DOCTOR DIES OF FRIGHT

HITLER has fallen victim to his own War of Nerves. Three weeks ago he called in two doctors to treat the throat complaint that has bothered him for nine years.

One of the doctors, the famous Viennese surgeon, Eiselsberg, diagnosed hoarseness caused by over-excitement.

He Needs Curing

Eiselsberg, on his return to Vienna, said that curing Hitler was a matter for a mental specialist, not a surgeon.

Definitely Abnormal

He agreed with other medical men who have examined Hitler, and with distinguished British physicians who have privately investigated reports of his symptoms.

They believe he is definitely abnormal and, having dealt with identical cases, add that the chances of a complete cure are extremely doubtful.

Gestapo Calling!

Two days after Eiselsberg made his injudicious remark he was called to the Gestapo office. He never reached it. The shock of the summons killed him.

The Girl Friend

Every day, the crowd waiting before the Berlin Chancellery for war news, watches the arrival of a big limousine. Out steps, not a high diplomat or general, but a woman.

She is Margarethe Slezak, famed actress daughter of a well-known German tenor.

The only person to have Hitler's personal confidences, she has persuaded him to resume visits to the cinema.

Friend No More

Another of the Fuehrer's friends will visit the Chancellery no more.

Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's former A.D.C., special envoy and friend, now Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco, was ordered to return to Berlin as Ribbentrop's successor.

Wiedemann refused. He gave up his official work, is now living as a private citizen, but retaining his title.

Off His Food

Berchtesgaden has been closed.

Hitler's sister, Paula, who was his housekeeper there, has taken over the kitchens in the Berlin Chancellery.

She has little to do.

Hitler eats virtually nothing these days.

Heads—We Win

No sign of his "nerves" spreading to this country. Britain is keeping its head, largely because the heads of our Government are keeping theirs.

We criticise them for many things.

We praise them for realising that freedom of speech must not be whittled down.

They Are Surprised!

Even the Americans are astonished by the candour of our newspapers. You can't imagine German papers being permitted to discuss such vital affairs as war aims or military supplies, or even to hint at the disclosures made to you by JOHN BULL.

Hoare-Full Muddle

Further proof of Democracy's strength in last week's memorable debate in Parliament on democratic rights!

The Government had to bow before the storm.

It was only just that Sir Samuel Hoare had to promise M.P.s that the Defence Regulations would be revised.

Much Chastened Now

Sir Samuel was chiefly responsible for those Regulations. He muddled A.R.P. plans for three years, and planned the Muddled Ministry of Information.

Sir Samuel must feel a much-chastened man.

Pools of Error

Mr. Morrison has also been made to feel the chastening influence of public opinion. He is going to scrap many of the food pools that have provided pleasant jobs for an extra 2,249 officials.

They Need Watching

Only the butter and dried fruit pools are likely to survive. Both will have to be watched.

The pool price for dried prunes is £56 a ton, against the ordinary wholesale price of £18 10s. a ton. Sultanas are marked up to £56; wholesale price is £27 12s. Dried apples have soared from £37 to £70.

Maybe, Mr. Morrison wants to make the housewife's head as white as his own.

Don't Forget 'Em

He must bear in mind when rationing butter (and evidently hasn't) that diabetics need more fats and meat to replace the sugar they cannot eat.

Not Too Far Away

By contrast, the Minister of Agriculture's plans for growing more food are sprouting vigorously.

Next year's crops should be the best for very many years.

But what of this year's produce?

Acres of potatoes are spoiling near Bridgwater, yet there are hundreds of unemployed in the town.

A long way from Whitehall, but not too far for Whitehall to notice.

Wages of War Time

The same mixture of good and bad is continued in the country's pay packets. Nearly 4,000,000 have been heavier since war started: another million wage increases are under consideration.

Yet increases in the cost of living, followed by wage increases, are not the best way of maintaining the nation's purchasing power.

(Continued overleaf)

Mr. Shirley says

"THANK YOU, JOHN BULL"

Mr. T. D. Shirley, of Little Heath, Coventry, writes:—

"We said, 'Thank you, John Bull!' when you announced that you were keeping on with your Insurance. *After receiving your Free Air Raid Insurance Policy along with last week's 'John Bull,' well—we are sure that you are more than doing your bit* towards helping to ease the worry and strain of these troublous times."

This letter is typical of thousands of messages which we are receiving every day in warm-hearted appreciation of

JOHN BULL'S FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

John Bull offers free to every reader a £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Since the timely inception of this unparalleled War-time Security Gift, Nazi threats of intensifying the air menace have been renewed.

The Air Raid Insurance Policy which "John Bull" offers to every reader would—in the ordinary way—cost £4 4s. a year in premiums; yet every registered reader of "John Bull" receives this war-time protection absolutely free as well as the **comprehensive Household Security Gift.**

If you have not yet obtained this safeguard you cannot afford to delay. Coupons appear on page 3.

Easy Way Out of Rates Muddle: Use Your Axe, Sir John

Wages are never stepped up quickly enough. We are saddened by letters from manual workers still trying to keep big families on 38s. a week. Many cinema operators still get only 21s., minus insurance. And there are the old age pensioners.

Bevin's Wisdom

Better adopt Mr. Ernest Bevin's plan to maintain prices at pre-war levels, or to meet the difference by Treasury grants if some increases are imperative.

Simple wisdom. Simpler and wiser than anything that the Government has yet produced.

This Rates Problem

JOHN BULL suggests an equally simple remedy for the widespread rates muddle.

Evacuation towns are financially hard-hit because hundreds of thousands of premises, now empty, will contribute nothing to the rates.

Rural councils are waxing fat because there is now hardly an empty house in their areas. Yet evacuation towns have to meet the heaviest bill for such services as A.R.P.

It's Quite Easy

Why not a national pooling of all rates, at least for the duration of the war?

Take the plan a stage further.

Spread the cost of A.R.P. evenly over the whole country!

Two-Edged Evil

An evil hitting the poorest families and the old people who live alone is also defeating the Government's appeal to burn less gas and electricity.

No Excuse for This

A Lincolnshire company tells a woman that she owes 17s. for not having consumed enough gas. A Nottinghamshire company makes a housewife pay an extra 2s. 9d. for burning less than the quota of electricity.

Little excuse for such extortion in peace time.

No excuse in war time!

Attention, Please!

Certain insurance companies are telling men who joined the Forces after the outbreak of war that their policies will be lapsed if they cannot keep up the premiums.

Just to keep them patriotic, no doubt!

Your Axe, Sir John!

Their spirits will hardly be raised by learning that, while the Army is paying them a shilling or two a day, Civil Servants who have to sleep in their offices are receiving an extra £1 a night "detention allowances."

There's a chance for Sir John Simon to give vent to his passion for economy!

Stop This Tyranny

When a ship signs on a crew, men are given advance notes to enable them to buy stores and clothes, and tradesmen cashing these notes usually charge 2s. in the £ commission.

Bad enough, in all conscience.

Worse that men have walked all through a West Country port without finding a shop that will now cash the notes.

Britain, depending for its life on the Merchant Navy, must give seamen a better deal.

"Black-out" Dangers

The Minister of Transport adds to the dangers of driving in the "black-out" these moonless nights by allowing motors to use the headlight on either the off side or near side.

Drivers cannot tell on which side of an approaching car the headlight is burning.

Dazzled by Torches

Pedestrians are involving others in crashes by dazzling drivers with their hand-torches.

Keep your torch down.

Increase your own safety by carrying a newspaper or wearing a white armlet.

Lighten Our Darkness

With winter close upon us the Government should reconsider the whole "black-out" question.

Berlin and Paris seem to have solved the problem satisfactorily. Why should the citizens of London and other big cities have to grope about in utter darkness.

Nonsense Council

Dorset County Council seems to have blacked-out common-sense.

Its order that soldiers may not take wives or sweethearts to the cinema on Sunday afternoons has caused the shows to be abandoned.

Are councillors much-married men, or merely jealous?

More Army Snobs

Gunners in a Hertfordshire town are told that no one below the rank of lieutenant may enter saloon bars of public-houses.

Maybe their commanding officer will learn that Mr. Hore-Belisha vetoes such snobbery.

What a Yarn!

Again, stretcher-bearers in an Essex town have been told that they are under semi-military authority, and must stand to attention when spoken to by an official.

Some fool has blundered.

All at Sea

The week's worst examples of blundering are the fault of the Ministry of Shipping—our newest monopoly.

An oil-tanker was chosen to carry coal across the Atlantic and return with wheat. Brand new vessels are chosen to carry dirty cargoes of iron ore.

The industry's best men are represented on the Ministry's advisory panel.

They should be consulted, not ignored.

It Would Help!

The B.B.C. broadcasts admirable answers to Nazi lies on its short-wave service once a month.

Why not every week?

Why not relay it to home listeners as a useful relief to the tedium of its ordinary bulletins?

We Want to Know

We'd like to know, too, whether German firms still trading in Britain are really under surveillance.

A British trader, complaining of one such firm, was told by the police that they had nothing to do with the matter. His M.P., communicating with the Home Office, was fobbed off with a reference to the Board of Trade.

But our firms should not now be faced with German competition!

It Takes a War

Two stupid local councils, answering the Government's call for more home-grown food, have decided to clap rates on the little man's backyard greenhouses.

Another, in conjunction with the Playing Fields Association, has allowed people to build air raid shelters at their own expense on unused land. And now demands an annual rent and costly legal agreements.

It takes a war to reveal local government at its worst.

CANDID CARTOON BY KEM

A PROPHET IN SEARCH OF ADVICE.

Has to Beg for Help

If you still wonder why we attack the Ministry of Pensions so bitterly, read this:

An ex-Serviceman has been in hospital half a dozen times since his discharge. Lately he found a job at £4 13s. a week. After ten days he was sent home ill and certified as unfit by three doctors.

He is refused treatment allowances because the Ministry insists that he does not need special treatment.

So, having five children at home, he is now forced to beg for help from the poor law.

They Don't Know

Troops in camp are made to peel potatoes on Saturday for Monday meals.

Evidently those in charge don't know that the food value of vegetables is entirely wasted by being left in soak over the week-end.

It's Up to You!

A reader suggests that others should "send each issue of JOHN BULL to a soldier in France when they have finished with it."

Here are extracts from the men's letters home:

"JOHN BULL goes around everywhere after I've read it."

"Don't forget J.B.; I missed it last week."

Well, it's up to you.

Real Investment

Forgive our pride if we quote from another letter:

"I cannot imagine any worker or ratepayer overlooking the service you offer them. Many people I know regard themselves as shrewd business folk, but most under-estimate the value of a 2d.-a-week investment in JOHN BULL."

Who wouldn't be pleased to get appreciation like that?

Twenty-one years ago the "Cease Fire" sounded. Now, another Remembrance Day finds war upon us again. Here are the—

THINGS WE MUST REMEMBER

The men of 1914-18 fought the same evil things

By A. G. Gardiner

NO one who recalls that sunlit November 11th of 1918, with all the golden visions it inspired, can greet the return of Armistice Day without the sense of the vanity of human hopes.

On that glorious morning we had emerged from the long agony of the greatest war in history, and looked confidently to a new and happier era.

The world had been through the furnace, and would surely never suffer that ordeal to return again.

BUT IT HAS BEEN WELL SAID THAT THE ONLY LESSON THAT HISTORY TEACHES IS THAT THE LESSONS OF HISTORY ARE NEVER LEARNED.

On this twenty-first anniversary of that day of hope the world is in the furnace of war again, and looks darkly into a future that no man can read.

There is perhaps one beam of light in this tragedy of disillusion.

It is the universal loathing and horror with which mankind accepts this hideous fate.

War in the past was always heralded with something of the spirit of a great adventure.

There is nothing of this to-day anywhere. The peoples know that war is no longer simply a remote affair of armies in the field.

It engulfs their lives, plunges them in fearsome black-outs, breaks up their homes, spirits their children away from the danger zones, brings in its wake the terrors of the air, the spectre of famine, and the disruption of all their domestic life.

This universal dread of war is the new and hopeful fact.

IT explains the astonishing contrast between the opening stages of the Great War and those of the war in which we are engaged now.

Then, in a day, in an hour, all the furies were unleashed.

Every day brought tidings of holocausts of death and destruction.

In the first two months of the present war the armies had not come to grips, there had been no massed war in the air, and the only field of serious conflict was that centred in the operations by and against the U-boats.

This is not wholly explained by the new parallel fortifications. The real reason is deeper. It is the fear of war.

That fear is at least as prevalent among the people of Germany as in France or Britain.

But it is the anxiety of Britain and France to avoid war which Hitler has exploited with such diabolical cunning and audacity.

By secretly creating a formidable weapon with which to prey upon the general fear of war, he has been enabled to wage a diplomatic struggle so successfully that it brought him within sight of such a complete dominance over Europe as would have made Germany unassailable.

He was only challenged just in time.

And, being challenged, he still seeks to evade the war his people fear by diplomatic manœuvring.

But in the new situation created by the fact of war his diplomacy has lost its cunning.

Faced with that fact, and finding that Ribbentrop had misled him as to the spirit of this country, he has addressed himself to the task of isolating Britain.

He has thrown overboard all his eastern ambitions and renounced all his hatred of the Bolshevists in order to concentrate his attack on this country.

But his cunning has overreached itself.

His deal with Russia has given him a very speculative backing, and it has involved him in ruinous losses.

He had hoped that it would detach France from our side.

Instead, it has welded the Anglo-French alliance into an unbreakable instrument.

It has lost him Italy.

It has lost him Japan.

It has lost him any sympathy or help he might have looked for from Spain.

The whole Catholic world is now openly hostile to him, not only on account of his pact with Stalin, but still more because of the devastation of Catholic Poland.

MOST fatal of all, the deal with Stalin has struck a mortal blow at his prestige, both in Germany and abroad.

IT HAS REVEALED HIM AT HOME IN THE ROLE OF A MERE BANDIT WHO IS PREPARED TO DESERT ANY CAUSE AND ALLY HIMSELF WITH ANY CONFEDERATE WHO WILL SERVE HIS PERSONAL POWER'

The German people see with astonishment the whole position in the Baltic sacrificed for Stalin's mess of pottage.

The Baltic, which until a month ago was a German lake, is so no longer.

The Baltic States, which had been marked down for conquest by Hitler, have fallen into the lap of Stalin.

Hitler's projected march eastward into the fat pastures of the Ukraine has been blocked by Stalin's actual march westward into Poland.

Henceforth, Germany has a new frontier to watch and fortify against the day when this sudden marriage of Nazi Germany and Bolshevist Russia may be dissolved.

Hitler's loss of prestige has had no less catastrophic reactions outside.

In dividing his empire in Europe with Stalin he has not only confessed his weakness, but has set up a rival.

THE result is seen in the new spirit of the Oslo Powers, and still more in the note of independence struck throughout the Balkans.

There is growing up there a most formidable barrier to German ambitions, and there are clear evidences that Mussolini has turned his glance from Berlin and is looking benevolently to an eastern Mediterranean *bloc*.

In any case, the Rome-Berlin Axis is as dead as the Berlin-Tokyo Axis.

All that Hitler has to show for this complete breakdown of his system is the Berlin-Moscow pact which, according to M. Molotov's speech, leaves Stalin committed to nothing but a benevolent neutrality.

There may be more behind, of course; but on the face of it Hitler has lost the diplomatic war.

He has not isolated Britain, but he has isolated Germany. He has achieved his own encirclement, and faces the war that Germany dreads, alone.

We dread it, too, not because we fear its issue, but because of the immeasurable disaster it will bring to victor and vanquished alike.

This country never went into a war more unwillingly than into this; but it never went into a war with more unanimity, with a sterner sense of duty, or with more confidence in the result.

We have to destroy the dark, satanic gospel that threatens Western civilisation with destruction and the freedom of Europe with the lash of a crazy tyrant.

WHEN THE TASK IS DONE, LET US SEE THAT THE PEACE THAT FOLLOWS IS A JUST AND WISE PEACE THAT WILL BRING A SANE GERMANY INTO A EUROPEAN FEDERATION.

It must be a peace that will make war on this continent as unthinkable as the federation of the United States has made it on the North American continent.

Then, when Armistice Day comes round, we shall be able to commemorate it with the sense of final deliverance from the one enemy that all nations have in common—War.

WE WILL NOT LET IT PASS

By "J. M."

We will not let the hour depart, which strikes in everybody's heart, without our own small silence. We will not pass upon our way, on this War-fraught Armistice Day, without we ask for guidance; to carry on the torch they Lit, and each and all to do our bit, to safeguard things men treasure. We will not altogether stand, but they will know and understand, for Homage needs no measure.

We will not in the stress of things, ignore the rush of Memory's wings, which brush our souls with sadness. We will not let new Hates arise, to spoil our hearts and blind our eyes, for that way lies sheer madness.

We will not let the hour pass, with all its shadows on Time's Glass, without New Hope Ascending that Nations will once more regain, a world outlook both clear and sane, without this dreadful rending, of Faith and Liberty and Peace, and so we'll pray and will not cease, that wrong things will be righted, and that Their Sacrifice and Ours, will Light upon Life's far-flung towers, LAMPS OF A WORLD UNITED.

Here are the Answers

It is suggested that Hitler's "unknown weapon," now in the news again, is a pilotless aeroplane, wireless controlled, which can rain explosives on objectives in this country.

Is this possible?

While such a weapon is not "unknown," it is only remotely possible. British flying men, who have probably forgotten more about such a system than the Germans have yet learned, reached perfection in radio control by secret devices in the *Queen Bee* target aircraft, and in target warships such as the *Centurion*, the "ship without a crew."

Because only a few aircraft at a time can be directed by wireless control, mass bombing by pilotless machines is out of the question.

*

Thousands of fried-fish shops in the North and Midlands are selling meat pies.

Tens of thousands of housewives are complaining that "wet fish" is scarce or expensive. Are they justified in blaming the muddles arising from Control?

Deep-sea trawlers which scoured Icelandic waters, the White Sea and other remote grounds for home markets, are now helping to keep the seas safe for shipping.

Hull has given 245 of her 280 trawlers to mine-sweeping. Grimsby has given to the Service in like proportion. Even net-makers are now making camouflage nets.

Fish supplies can only come from West Coast trawlers, which are not so adaptable for mine-sweeping gear. So we will just have to put up with the scarcity and blame Hitler, not the Control.

*

In praising Britain's Expeditionary Force and our huge contribution in material and money, Daladier did not assess France's man-power.

Every man between 20 and 48 is in uniform in France. There are no reserved trades or industries. Personnel for war manufacture is placed at the disposal of munition-makers from the uniformed strength by military authorities.

One-man businesses are not reserved. A proprietor simply puts a brief notice on his door, "I am mobilised" and closes down.

Agricultural workers get no exemption.

They can have leave only for the harvest. Farm work is done by old men and women.

*

The Duke of Windsor has frequently been "up the line," sometimes accompanying Lord Gort and Operations Staff. Is this a preliminary to active command of a unit in the field?

Hohenzollern royalty only commanded units in battle regardless of their qualifications. The real work was done by professionals. It is not etiquette for British royalty to assume an active command.

As Major-General, the Duke will probably take charge of the important staff function called Liaison, which ranges from conducting visiting politicians and royalty round the Front, to smoothing differences between various commands.

An efficient Liaison staff saves a Commander-in-Chief much worry, and allows him to deal only with strategical and tactical problems.

The Duke's personal qualities and his vast experience make him an ideal choice for this work. He visits the lines to acquire the knowledge of sectors that he will need.

*

Why have 2,500,000 German nationals and German-speaking people been called back to the hard-up Reich from neutral countries?

Deep sea trawlers now leave port, not for the stormy wastes of Arctic waters, but to fish the seas around Britain for mines laid by enemy ships

These unfortunate people *must leave all their possessions* in the countries in which they have made their homes. The German Finance Ministry is now collecting compensation from the countries concerned.

It is a scheme, hatched by Himmler and Dr. Funk, Germany's latest financial wizard, and they believe that each of these homing Germans is worth an average of £100 in property and securities—a total of £250,000,000 in good foreign exchange. Nazis will collect that money and resettle the homeless in plundered territory, using Germany's internal marks for a fraction of that sum of real money.

Hard cash, not the Nazi ideal, is Hitler's reason for "calling 'em home." And banking experts have put the Nazis' probable profit over this deal in flesh and blood at about £200,000,000, with which Nazis will be able to finance imports of food and raw materials.

*

Why has all work stopped on the country's road-building, including the 200 trunk road schemes?

There is plenty of labour and materials, but the Government is to "claim" the £40,000,000 still unspent of the original £50,000,000 allotted to this work.

For the sake of this sum, a mere flea-bite among the money to be spent on war, bad roads will become worse until long after the end of the war.

*

Why has Lord Nuffield been appointed to an Air Ministry post on the "urgent and personal appeal of Sir Kingsley Wood"?

Because the Maintenance Section, to which he has gone, is suffering severe "growing pains."

Maintenance was created largely by Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff, who in realising its paramount importance in expansion schemes, made it into a separate Command like Bomber, Fighter and Coastal.

The enormous size of the R.A.F. is indicated by the fact that a man of Nuffield's organising experience should be needed to manage this section.

*

The Government assures us that we have plenty of fats. Yet people in Germany are scared stiff by rumours of a shortage. Why are fats so important?

Because all animal, fish and vegetable fats are essential not only for replenishing human energy, lost in vigorous work, but also they are essential for high explosives.

In the last war, Germany had to commandeer vegetable oils intended for food as a source of glycerine for nitro-glycerine.

Starved of valuable food children became stunted and disease was rampant. Goering said, "guns before butter," but the thought of living with that phrase through a long war is a nightmare to the German people.

BEHIND THE NEWS

BRITISH Intelligence Service is still keeping an eye on certain British subjects in Germany. Lieut. Baillie Stewart is one.

Another, whose presence in Germany has been kept quiet, was formerly well known in certain political circles.

He went to Germany three weeks before the war started. Friends say they have recognised his voice on the Nazi radio.

★

Sir John Anderson's statement about certain groups here deliberately spreading rumours to encourage return of evacuees was first hinted at in these columns a month ago.

Obviously we couldn't give details then, but we cannot understand now why prosecutions have not been authorised.

Enquiries are being made into the source from which pro-Nazi rumour-mongers draw their finances.

★

More important than warning the public not to speak to strangers in taverns is the need for discretion in Kensington's drawing-rooms. . . .

★

Work on the assembly of arms at a big Midlands factory has been delayed for days because Government inspectors objected to a fitment no bigger than a thimble, which served the purpose just as well as the one prescribed.

Production has been put back by the obstinacy of inspectors so numerous that they are tumbling over one another.

★

Dr. Goebbels has bobbed up again, despite Marshal Goering.

As leader of the Left Wing of the German Government, he is urging Hitler to declare Germany a Bolshevist State.

★

A desperate move? But so was the Berlin-Moscow Pact.

Hitler is hesitating at this last forforn hope of getting Russian military support and cutting the ground from under the feet of Communist plotters.

Probability is that Goering will succeed in dissuading him.

★

Pastor Niemoller, imprisoned leader of German evangelists and former U-boat commander, has refused an invitation to return to the German Navy as Admiral-General of Under-Sea Warfare.

Pressure is being renewed through pleadings, threats and bribes.

He is even assured that his acceptance would mean the release of all evangelists and other churchmen now under "protective arrest."

Nazi anxiety to obtain his co-operation has two reasons, the psychological effect on sixteen million evangelical Germans and on neutral opinion.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. W. R. FRASER,
Secretary, Dept. of Health for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—Take a look at the worst dwelling in Britain.

It is a house at Newmains built in 1595, now occupied by thirteen families. It has no lighting, not a single lavatory.

Water has to be carried a mile. Visitors have to wade through filth from open sewers. Despairing occupants, forced to be slum dwellers against their will, are referred by one authority to another when they seek houses on new estates in the district.

Remove this foul blot.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER CARPENTER,
Islington, Cinema Manager

DEAR SIR,—These times furnish some people with a pretext for meanness, but give an extra lustre to your generosity.

I am glad that you are continuing your scheme for enabling about 150 old age pensioners to take even your best seats on Friday for a humble threepence.

For them let me say "Thank you."—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILS,
Halifax and Conway

GENTLEMEN,—I add you to my list of stubborn, thick-headed councils.

Ignoring the nation's needs, disdaining the Government's appeal for greater food production, you refuse to allow tenants to keep poultry.

Evidently you do not care that many folk cannot afford eggs at their present price.

You care only about maintaining your contemptible little Hitlerism.—JOHN BULL.

Lord DE LA WARR,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Rightly, school meals for needy youngsters are to go on. Wrongly, many children cannot obtain either free milk or free meals because some local councils are without funds.

No doubt you will tackle this problem.

A little extra money spent on parents of the future will prove a national investment.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ROY ROBINSON,
Timber Controller

DEAR SIR,—Your control is strangling a vital industry.

Orders are issued that none can understand.

Permits necessary for sale or purchase of timber take weeks to obtain. The local controller, to whom details of all anticipated business have to be submitted, is usually head of a rival firm.

I even know a firm which, under contract to a local council for A.R.P. work, cannot get a permit for the job.

You should either revise the entire system or make way for someone who will.—JOHN BULL.

JOHN ALEC WALPOLE,
Weymouth

ROGUE,—You will disgrace even the jail where you will spend the next six months.

Unfit for any human society is the man who, telling a woman widowed by the *Courageous* disaster that he could sell her dead husband's suit, pawned the clothes and kept the money.

I trust there will be no other claimant for the title of the War's Meanest Blackguard.—JOHN BULL.

Sir EDMUND PHIPPS,
London

SIR,—You may not appreciate the views of conscientious objectors. I do not share them myself.

But if pacifism tries your patience, you had better not remain a member of a London tribunal.

"These miserable creatures!" you are reported to have exclaimed at one session. And later, "What tosh!"

Such remarks are hardly judicial.

—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. LLOYD, M.P.,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—So coal has to be rationed because of transport difficulties?

Surely that cannot be the reason why coal prices were raised by 6s. 8d. a ton last month, even in towns almost within sight of pits?—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE,
Chairman, U.A.B.

MY LORD,—What are official pledges to your underlings?

The Government has promised public assistance to men whose livelihood has been lost through the war. But listen!

A Rotherham contractor had his lorry commandeered and was forced to close down. Compensation paid for the lorry was left in the bank in the hope that the man would be able to buy another vehicle later and resume business.

Thanks to Hore-Belisha!

Meanwhile he is refused public assistance because he has money in the bank!

What is he to do? Sacrifice his savings and all hope of work?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA,

DEAR SIR,—The public is proud of the New Army.

We know that in training and arms it is incomparably better than the heroic B.E.F. of 1914. We know that the men themselves are as fine as any in the world.

They (and all of us) have a right to expect that they shall be led by the best brains available.

So our confidence is strengthened by your disclosure that 7,000 soldiers in the ranks have been recommended for commissions since war started, that 2,000 have already been promoted.

We have seen the last of the rotten class-conscious system that made it hard for any but Old School Tie youths to become officers.

We shall not repeat the blunders of the last war. We then found that Army idols had heads of wood only after untold sacrifices had been made.

You have given us generals trained in modern warfare, whose heads are not impervious to new ideas.

Much as I have to criticise you on details, I congratulate you on giving Britain the army it deserves!—JOHN BULL.

Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—It's bad business to effect savings at the expense of efficiency.

By cutting down deliveries, thereby inconveniencing the public, you are able to reduce the work of auxiliary postmen, many of whom have had to suffer pay reductions of 7s. a week

I do not know how these men can keep families on 20s. or 30s. a week. You do not know the difference between fair economy and false.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CRAIGAVON,
Prime Minister, N. Ireland

MY LORD,—"Harsh and brutal," is the description given to the poor law commissioners' decision to cut down outdoor relief in Belfast.

I prefer a stronger word in these days of dearer living—infamous.—JOHN BULL.

The CHILDREN,
Yeovil

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—You must feel quite grown-up, having adopted seven-year-old Jimmy McNair, of Sheffield.

After a motor accident, Jimmy needs an artificial leg, and you are busily collecting silver paper to raise the money. Some of you, I'm told, are filling half-hundredweight sacks.

May you feel as pleased as Jimmy will when he's able to walk about again!—JOHN BULL.

Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly explain why 2,500 stones of fish, which could not be sold, have been sent from Fleetwood to the fishmeal works? And will you also explain why fishermen, after risking their lives, find that the prices offered them are so poor that they prefer to throw their catch overboard?

The public, which is sometimes unable to buy fish, would like to know.—JOHN BULL.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't give in!

EVERYBODY is now beset by an overwhelming sense of futility. It is the dangerous result of waiting for "something to happen" after weeks of anxiety.

Foundations that seemed eternal have been swept away. Life seems suddenly to have been drained of significance.

Hemmed in by restrictions, deprived of normal outlets for energies and enthusiasm, facing a completely unknown and unpredictable future, we are apt to say "What's the good of anything any more?"

Now that's dangerous!

This mental gas attack will speedily get us down if we don't watch. Don't give way.

Realise at once that life must go on.

In a thousand ways it may be different, but it must go on.

The little things, the personal things, the domestic things make life interesting and fruitful and worth while. They always did. They always will.

You've got to adapt yourself to new ideas, often to new circumstances and to new surroundings. It is precisely that ability to adapt yourself that is going to give you a better perspective on life, if you will only use it.

Your happiness is going to depend on whether you can "take it on the chin." You will win as long as you realise that your chief job is reorganisation, not surrender.

It's so easy to give in, but it only adds to the burdens and responsibilities of someone else who has not given in.

Life has not suddenly become futile.

The real trouble with lots of people is that they have come up hard against life and its problems for the first time.

There is a wealth of heroism, pathos and humour in these extracts from the war time letters of separated mothers and sons. In their cheerful "matter-of-factness" they show that, nothing daunted, parents and children face the future with typical British calm. Send your war time family letters to "John Bull." Half-a-guinea is paid for each extract published.

My dear boy— MOTHER and SON

Always a harbinger of family news, the postman's knock means more than ever to British families now.

HOW glad I am to tell you your letters are at last coming through regularly.

It is very lonely at nights with my four boys away (Two are in the Army, two the Navy.—Editor) and your dad and I thank God for the radio you bought us when you were last together. It's like a link with you all.

Hitler hasn't found us yet, although I heard an air raid siren about six one morning and jumped out of bed and called Dad and Betty.

I called grandma, too, but she was quite indignant, said she was going to stay in her bed and have the sleep she was entitled to.

Betty and I hid under the stairs as our air raid shelter hasn't been delivered yet. Dad looked up to the sky from the garden.

It proved to be a false alarm, and we haven't heard the last of it from grandma yet.

"You young people think you know such a fat lot," she said. *You* know her tone of voice.

From Manchester.

We were so amused at your question about how we were getting on with our rationing, and whether they were allowing us enough, because there isn't any rationing at all yet.

Are you too early with the news, or are the men on your ship getting their information from old Gobbles?

Don't worry about *our* grub, says Dad. While we have ships like yours, and men like you and your mates to safeguard us and our supplies, we won't come to much harm.

Three times you mention Hitler in your letters. I don't want you to ever write his name in them again. They are too sacred to me to have his name on their pages.

From Warrington, Lancs.

You know how young Fred —— has been keen on joining the Navy since you joined? Well, I met his mother the other day, and she told me he was desperate to do something. But she says she's not going to hear of it, that she's given him a good education and she expects him to repay her.

A fat lot of repaying the lad would be able to make if Hitler got here!

Now what do you think? You've got a sister at work. Miriam's absolutely got her head in the clouds over her first job; goes out singing in the morning and comes back singing at night so that the neighbours can hear her.

She's a millionairess on ten shillings a week. I'm sure she thinks she's going to buy the town.

Grannie sends her love. Although her leg is much worse, I'm not supposed to mention it to you.

"The lad doesn't want all our piffling worries," she says. She won't have your room touched. I'm afraid we won't even be allowed to put a bit of wallpaper on it, no matter how long the war lasts. She wants home to be as you remember it.

She is simply living for the day when you come back.

Dear Mum

WHO do you think is out here? Old "fire-irons"! Yes, he's billeted not far away in a real "à la" sort of place. He was always lucky.

Our hearts sank to our boots when we saw the sort of place we've got. A real old ramshackle place. But you know what a spit and polish brigade our mob is.

We hadn't been there long before we made it look like Buckingham Palace complete with guard at the front.

Honestly, mum, they'll soon have us whitewashing the coals because they look dirty.

Must leave you now because I've got some washing to do. Ought I to give the clothes two minutes' boil or twelve minutes' soak?

From France.

Two good bits of news. Last week I received from York Telegraph Office a huge tin of chocolate—four shillings' worth! Why, the postage was half-a-crown. Aren't those people good to us?

On top of that, we've taken over a disused cinema where the troops are given two concerts a week at a franc a head admission. The last show was grand. The place rocked.

At the end the chaplain asked everybody to stand in a Silence and think of the people at home. Most of the lads were in tears when they left, which shows where their hearts are.

Every man here is a pal and a brother except for a few short minutes every day. When grub's being issued, it is every man for himself.

From a Battleship.

We've been bang in the news in the last fortnight. I wish I could tell you in what way, but I can't.

You've been reading about your old scallywag son and don't know it. Anyway, it'll keep.

Last week we had a bit of a gale. As the ship rolled I fell off a ladder three times in succession, but escaped with only a tiny injury to my side. As I picked myself up, I smiled to think I used to pay a bob in the fun-house on the pleasure beach at Blackpool to climb a wobbly ladder. Remember?

Thanks for the darning wool, but could you send a darning mushroom, if that's the name?

I am using an orange at present, but it's going bad on me.

From France.

We have had such a laugh at Lofty. He couldn't sleep in this place, so he crept away on an afternoon off into the chapel next door and got his head down in the blanket he took with him.

Suddenly, he was awakened by singing. He couldn't make out where he was. He popped his head out and found the place full of women. He kept quiet, however, and escaped without being seen at all.

It was a sort of mothers' meeting, as far as we could make out.

More news, mum, please.

Your two sons gone, and now dad called up for the Navy again, leaving you absolutely alone in the house. Why, you must be the most wonderful woman in England, seeing that there isn't a grumble in your letters.

From a six-foot-sixer, somewhere in England.

Food good, fellows fine; in fact, I'm settling down nicely to Army life.

There's only one snag in it.

I need a shoe-horn to get into my bed and a tin-opener to get out—and the blankets tickle.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW ON THE BLACK-OUT BUS

Curfew will not ring to-night!

NO, Sir, I 'aven't got change for a pahnd note. I can't 'elp it if you are from the 'Ome Office; I couldn't change a quid to-night not for Sir John Anderson 'imself! Wot's that you say, "Sir John might 'ave powers I don't know nothing about"?

Too blinking true, 'e might! But, thank 'Eaven, there's still a Parliament and blokes in it keeping a sharp lookout for 'Itlers on the 'Ome Front!

You *are* Sir John Anderson and you've got no more use for 'Itlerism than I 'ave! Well, Sir, it's a pleasure to 'ave you on my bus. I've always wanted to 'ave a chat with you ever since I got one of your little tin 'uts stuck up in my back garden.

You tell me there's a war on and so the Government MUST 'ave special powers. Fair enough, Sir John, but don't forget we're fighting this war for liberty and, 'Erbert Morrison said it seemed to 'im that you could 'ave anybody you didn't like 'ung, drawn and quartered withaht a chance of defending 'isself.

Mr. Morrison was exaggerating. I should blooming well 'ope so, but, if it 'adn't been for 'im and Dingle Foot and a few more you *could* 've clapped a bloke into prison just for speaking 'is mind, couldn't you, Sir?

"They didn't give you much change in the House, did they, Sir John?"

"Not unless 'is opinion was likely to be prejudicial to the defence of the realm." No, but 'oo's to decide that? 'Oo is to say when a leaflet appeals to reason and when it appeals to passion?

Didn't you admit yourself that, if anybody got up and made a speech about the soldiers' kiddies not getting a proper allowance, 'e *could* be accused of causing disaffection?

You tell me the Law Officers would be very careful not to abuse the Emergency Powers. P'raps they would, but I never did see much sense in giving a bloke a loaded gun and telling 'im not to shoot unless 'e thinks it's strictly necessary.

Curfew, too! "Ten Sixty-six and All That!" 'Oo was it 'oo thought up that one, Sir John? *Curfew!* In case there might be looting in case a bomb drops and in case it does damage to valuable property. We're fighting little old Itler, aren't we, not Billy the Conqueror?

It's no good telling me that I'm just shouting the odds about things wot 'aven't 'appened. They *might* 'appen—that's the point—and the 'Ouse of Commons gave it you 'ot and strong, didn't they, Sir John?

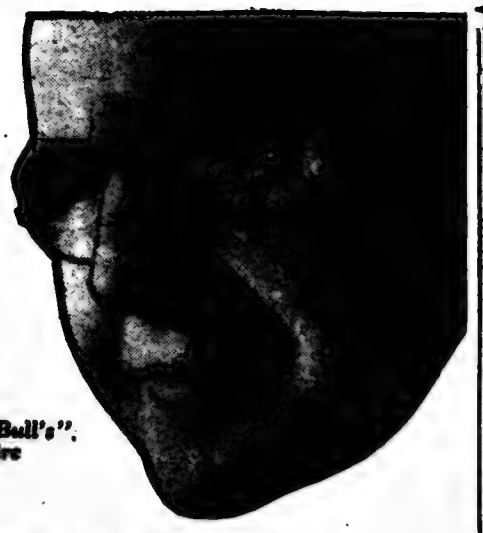
In fact, Sir Samuel 'Oare 'ad to come to your rescue and promise to 'ave the new regulations carefully revised after consultation with the Opposition.

And that's where an Opposition comes in mighty 'andy! Yes, yes; I know you 'ave the best intentions, but the trouble is they sometimes pave the road to a place where this old bus ain't going.

Getting off 'ere, Sir John?

Sorry I 'ad to take your last coppers off you, but it's not my fault. An' if it comes to that, they didn't give you much change in the 'Ouse, did they?

Fireside Talk by the Rev. PAT McCORMICK, famed radio-pastor



"John Bull's" Padre

"How CAN I Forgive?"

THIS subject of forgiveness is a very big thing, because it is fundamental to Christianity. It is wrapt up in that great word, Love—the Greek word *Agape*, which is our Lord's description of God.

God is *Agape*—Love. The Christians really coined the word; and unfortunately the translators of our Bible translated two different Greek words, *Agape* and *Philia*, by the same word, "love."

I don't know how they could have done otherwise, but there is a real difference, the second one being the ordinary term of love for children, husband for wife, friend for friend, the term being used for our affections.

Fine as that is, the word *Agape* is infinitely greater. It is not necessarily connected with the affections, but it has the idea of service, helping, being of use to, a positive and active impulse.

You may not be able to have an affection for your neighbour, but you can love him in this big sense—that is, you can be out to help, serve and be of use to him.

And you not only can, but have got to, to be a Christian. And this is why forgiveness of our neighbour is fundamental.

Our Lord Jesus Christ expressed it in the strongest terms. He made it a qualification of our being forgiven ourselves by God.

He said, "If ye forgive not your brother his faults, neither will My Heavenly Father forgive you your faults."

Many a man writes to me and says, "How can I forgive?" and then tells me a terrible tale of the wrong some person has done to him or his dear ones; and it is, I know, only real love for God and the knowledge of what God has done for him which will enable him to forgive.

He has to try to do a very hard thing: to get outside himself and look at the whole thing impersonally.

Why must I forgive?

Because love means being out to help and serve our brother.

If we are not out to forgive, we are shutting the door in his face, and he can't open it.

Of course, some people don't want to be forgiven, to have the door open, and so long as they are like that they are unforgivable. But if we can show them that we are ready to forgive, we can often bring them to their senses instead of damning them and shutting them out.

NOW let us get back to the personal. Of course, it's terribly hard. It's the biggest thing a man can do: but isn't it fine to do the really big thing—to know that you have been of use even to one who has cruelly wronged you?

Yes, of course it is; but, all the same, I know it is only God Who can help us to do this; it is only love for Him which will perform this miracle.

For it is a miracle, the miracle of love which Jesus Christ Himself performed.

Do you remember how when they were knocking the nails through His hands and His feet He cried, "Father, forgive them!"

Think of that. He was just as human as we are, He felt the pain just as much as and probably more than we would.

And remember, this cry had its effect. One of the thieves heard it, saw the wonder of it, and asked for Christ's help, and recognised Him as a King among men.

That is not a thing which happened once in history; it is what God is saying and doing for you and me now.

He is trying to redeem—that is, to bring us back to see the greatness of Love and, seeing it, to forgive, serve and help others.

That is really the answer to "Why should I forgive?"

Don't Hide their Baby

WHEN two shillings was stolen on a recent Sunday from an offertory box in Tysoe Church, Warwickshire, police enquiries resulted in an eight-year-old boy, son of a farm worker, appearing before three magistrates in their private room a few days later.

The boy pleaded Guilty, and the Justices, two women and a man, decided that he should be taken away from his home and handed over to the care of the Warwickshire County Council to be boarded out with a foster-mother.

Why in these days of supposed enlightenment in the treatment of naughty boys such drastic action was taken is astonishing. The child had never before been accused of any crime, and his home appears to be exactly the same as any ordinary working-class dwelling.

It seems utterly shameful that this little chap, barely old enough to really understand the difference between right and wrong, should be completely cut off from his parents.

"It is not possible, or advisable, for me to inform you of his address," wrote the Director of Education when the father appealed to him. "It is obvious that we cannot run the risk of the boy being unsettled by communications or visits from his parents."

EVEN though it was promised that later on it might be possible for the mother and father to see their child at the director's office, they have not had a glimpse of him since he was taken away on June 8.

They have been assured that he is being well cared for, but that is bleak consolation to a mother, still staggered by having her child snatched from her for what he did in a moment of boyish bravado.

Theft cannot be treated lightly, but everyone who knows this boy feels that he did not realise the gravity of his action.

Even so, if his home life had been unsatisfactory, there may have been some excuse for the severe penalty, but a JOHN BULL investigator who called without previous appointment saw it just as it might be at any time.

He found a typical English rural cottage; the mother a sensible, hard-working woman. She should have her boy home again.

JOHN BULL asks that the decision should now be rescinded. If it is felt the lad must remain at his foster-home, then his parents should know where he is, and be allowed to see him

Anti-Nazi Germans

Ready to Take Over Germany

IN a few days, JOHN BULL is able to reveal, the world is to be asked to recognise a "phantom" German Government, which is being created outside the Reich by prominent Germans now living in exile.

Driven out of their homeland by Nazi tyranny, they are preparing to take charge of the country's affairs when Hitler's Government crumbles.

Planning a democracy, based on sane principles of personal liberty, these expert administrators include Dr. Rauschnigg, formerly President of Danzig, Herr Wirth, once German Reich Chancellor, and Herr Treviranus, another Cabinet Minister from a German Democratic Government of pre-Hitler days.

They are assisted by Thomas Mann, world-renowned German author, whose powerful pen now provides much of the finest anti-Nazi propaganda.

Many European countries have "phantom Governments" waiting for the signal to take office, using small houses and flats as their "Whitehall."

Some of them are acknowledged by world rulers, invited to conferences, received at Courts and Diplomatic functions as though they were in power, allowed to nominate ambassadors and appoint civil servants.

ROBERT VON HABSBURG, a quiet young man with typical Habsburg features, son of the Austrian Monarchy's last Emperor, works day and night in his two-roomed flat in St. John's Wood, London, N.W., for the resurrection of an independent Austria.

Famed Dr. Edouard Benes, co-founder and formerly President of the Czech Republic, is preparing his plans for re-establishing a Czech Government in a small villa in Putney, London, S.W., assisted by Jan Masaryk, former Czech envoy in London and son of the great Masaryk, with whom Dr. Benes created the Republic at the end of the last war.

From his palatial home in the Diplomatic Quarter of London's West End, genial Jan Masaryk has moved to a tiny flat, where he cooks his own food, and strives for the day when the Czechs will be free again.

Poland's "phantom Government" is established in Paris, its members recognised all over the world as acting rulers of a country that no longer exists.

Led by the new President, Wladislaw Raszkiewicz, moderate Conservative, ex-President of the Senate and twice a Polish Cabinet Minister, the Polish Cabinet is functioning as though it were again in charge of the country's affairs.

Robert von Habsburg, busy in London, is working for his brother Otto, Archduke claimant to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, now in Paris hiding his title under the pseudonym of Duc de Bar.

What the Warden Said

Scene: Outside an Air Raid Warden's post.
Time: 11 p.m.
Local Resident: Are you there, Bill? I can't see in this confounded black-out.
Warden's Voice (through the darkness): Hullo, John! What's the trouble?
Local Resident: No real trouble. But down our road there's somebody showing a lot of light. I thought you'd better know.
Warden: I'll look into it. How's the wife?
Local Resident: Pretty well, but a bit worried. It's the constant threat of air raids that unsettles her.
Warden: Why don't you do what I did, and register with JOHN BULL? They offer an Air Raid Insurance Policy free to every reader, and it doesn't cost you a penny.
Local Resident: That's a splendid idea. It takes a load off my mind. Good night, old man—and don't forget those lights.

* * * *

JOHN BULL offers to every reader a £200 Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits.

For readers who have not registered for JOHN BULL's Double Security, Registration Forms again appear this week on page 3

GRIN and BEAR it!

by OLIVER PLUSH

THE German radio has been plugging a sentimental ditty, "We're Off to Fight Against England," but to get the rhythm right they have to add a syllable to "England," making it "En-gel-land." I had a shot at a similar masterpiece, but found that the best way to make the thing scan was not to add a syllable, but subtract one:

Good-bye, my Dolly Grey,
I can no longer stay
To comfort you with soft, endearing terms;
For I hear the sergeant's yelp
That my country needs my help,
So I'm going off to fight against the Germs!

Down the Scale

Truth will out, do what you will, lads. Take, for instance:—

Message from New York correspondent of Bombay "Bugle," via Hong Kong (according to a statement issued in Cape Town): "Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Dr. Goebbels, who was last seen in Berlin on Sunday afternoon when he boarded a train for Posen after shooting General Goering."

Message from a Reliable Source: "Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Dr. Goebbels, who was last seen in Berlin on Sunday afternoon."

Semi-official Message: "Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Dr. Goebbels."

Statement by an Unimpeachable Authority: "Nothing is known."

Official communiqué: "Nothing."

Sez 'Enery

"Wot d'yer think of this Fritz idea of invadin' England by droppin' men from parakeets?"

"You mean parachutes."

"Orl right, 'ave it yer own way! Wot I 'ope is that they don't drop Fatty Goering. If e' landed on th' Isle of Wight 'e'd jest abaht sink it!"

"Just about."

"It ud be different wiv little Goebbels. Chances are nobody'd notice 'e'd arrived, an' 'e could crawl away an' 'ide under a nice flat stone."

"That's right."

"But I reckon we're ready, 'owever many parashoots they send. Our booroocrats 'ave seen to that! 'Strewth! there's nowhere in England a Fritz could come down wivout findin' 'imself up to 'is neck in a blinkin' 'pool'!"

Home Comforts

(*"'Hitler Calls Germans Home,' proclaim the headlines, but members of the returning German minorities look as if they were leaving home rather than coming back to it."—Daily paper.*)

Why do they look so sullen?
Why don't their mouths expand
In gladsome grins? Oh, why restrain
Their joy at going back again,
Back to the Fatherland?

There ersatz sausage waits them,
Likewise, their Fuehrer, dear,
Goering and Goebbels, Himmler, Hess,
Synthetic butter (more or less),
And very-nearly-beer!

But yet no cheers escape them,
No signs of loyal glee;
The lives they made abroad were fair,
But now each will the trade mark bear
Of "Marred in Germany"!

Says Jock

It was with grim disapproval that Jock looked up from the newspaper cutting I had handed him, announcing that Highland regiments in the B.E.F. are to discard the kilt.

"It'll impose a verra great strain on Scottish patriotism," he remarked.

"Still, the kilt would be pretty chilly during the French winter," I suggested.

"I dinna care for that; but I ken th' breeks make a mon feel awfu' effeminate."

"I've never noticed it."

"Nae, you would na'; they're weel eneugh for Sassenachs and th' wee lassies in th' Auxiliary Fire Service."

He gazed with deep melancholy at his empty tumbler. "And what," he asked sadly, "will they be doin' next? Maybe abolish th' bagpipes?"

"No fear of that," I was able to reassure him; "we've got to keep something in reserve against Hitler's secret weapon!"

Advice Bureau

"I am neither a scoutmaster nor an auxiliary fire girl, and doubt if I could be accurately described as an essential foodstuff, so will you please tell me what I should do to obtain priority when driving to my bi-weekly game of golf?"
—R. Hogg.

A method which has so far stood the test of war conditions is to put your foot on the accelerator, keep the right thumb on the button of the electric hooter, and employ the left thumb for cocking a snoot at the W.R. Policeman as he hops out of your way.

The New Brigade

(*"The Civil Service is becoming a philanthropic institution for people in a position to pull the right strings," declares Mr. A. S. White, of the Civil Service Clerical Association.*)

Though his brain has never been
Of the best, poor Cecil's keen
To earn a spot of coin and do his duty;
So a job for him they've found
Where he can dither round
In Whitehall, helping England, home and beauty!

And Algernon as well
Has come out of his shell;
With Uncle James he went into a huddle,
Uncle pulled a string or two,
For he knows just who is who,
And Algy's with the Ministry of Muddle!

But dear Cousin Hector's fared
Even better, for he's snared
A first-rate job, though lacking all ability;
But the civil servants, who
Have to show him what to do,
I sadly fear, are losing their civility!

All Quite

We are now quite convinced that ours is quite a democratic Army, the officers and men are quite good pals and even the sergeants quite naice, so will war correspondents please put a sock in the story of the B.E.F. private who, at regular intervals, has a long, heart-to-heart talk with an affable gentleman in uniform, and is staggered when he learns that it was the Commander-in-Chief?

I meantersay, there can't be very many privates in the B.E.F. who are under the impression that a Lieut. wearing a red cap and rows of ribbons is a tram conductor.

Another Little Pome

There was a young fellow named Schickelgruber,
Whose chances grew brittler and brittler.
He wanted the earth;
He'd be pleased now with Perth,
Or even some other place littler.

Mind, mates, without trying to be funny, if my name was Schickelgruber I'd change it to Hitler, wouldn't you?

And if my name was Hitler I'd take the first on the right and keep on walking.

"Hey! Who's chink's that, over there?"

Old Bill on the Home Front

by Bruce Bairnsfather

Through Other Eyes!

—What else could we do when the Parisians invaded our fields? . . .

"Marianne," Paris

The fatter the pig, the sooner you kill it . . .

"Gringoire," Paris

Nazi Witch-Doctors' Berlin Lie Factory

Fortunes wasted on secret propaganda in wooing neutral countries

BELGIAN people find them pushed under their doors, left lying on café tables.

They look like advertising circulars at a first glance, or pages torn from a French weekly magazine.

But this outward innocence is only a cloak for the evil they contain, the distilled poison of Nazi propaganda, seeking to woo Belgium from her neutrality and turn her against the Allies.

"Come to Happy Germany!" says one pamphlet, offering special rates to Belgian tourists, and trying to prove that, despite the war, life among the Nazis is almost normal.

Another circular, when opened, contains vitriolic attacks on Britain, side by side with articles flattering Belgian and French politicians who have favoured Fascist policies in the past.

Chemists, inn-keepers and business men in country towns have had this horrid effusion sent to them by post at registered letter rates.

Hitler pinches and scrapes like a miser when supplying his people with food, but cost does not count when a new propaganda campaign is started.

And he still hopes to win with words the victory his guns, U-boats and aircraft can never achieve.

The Berlin Nazi lie factory contains a suite of offices which is the nerve centre of the nerve-war now being directed against neutral countries in an effort to secure their money and raw materials.

BELGIUM, Holland, Hungary, Rumania, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, South America, even the United States—each is in charge of a gauleiter, a Nazi leader whose job is to stir up trouble.

It's the old, old game of honeyed promises and blustering threats. But there is a big difference this time. Nobody is taken in.

More than fifty expert German propagandists were drafted to Brussels just before the outbreak of war under the guise of "diplomatic journalists."

Most of them have been expelled, their secret machinery for printing and distributing Nazi propaganda destroyed.

Hungary's would-be Hitler, Major Szalassy, is in jail. Although friendly to Germany, the Teleki Government resents the plotting and scheming by which Hitler and Goebbels would turn free people into serfs.

Anger flamed when it was revealed that German money had bought pistols for Szalassy's storm-troopers, and that his headquarters was stocked with propaganda printed in Berlin.

Szalassy's arrest did not diminish Hitler's hopes of "winning" Hungary, and two other local Nazi leaders, Count Festetits and Herr Basch, are still plotting, even though their followers were dragged off to prison, one by one.

Soon it will be their turn.

RUMANIA'S King Carol gave Nazi plotters their sternest lesson.

The Iron Guard, a nationalist organisation with a Fascist policy, presented Hitler with a ready-made weapon for his plans of penetration from within. He thought his way to the Rumanian oilfields was going to be easy.

But Iron Guard leaders were arrested, and shot "while trying to escape."

The movement went underground for a time and then, bribed with German money, nine young terrorists ambushed and shot down the Rumanian Prime Minister, Armand Calinescu, on a bridge outside Bucarest.

Within a few hours Carol had them executed with their own revolvers on the scene of the crime. Their bodies were left lying by the roadside as a warning.

A comb-out of Iron Guards sympathisers put hundreds in concentration camps.

Nazi followings are small in Switzerland, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria, but every effort is being made to forge them into spearheads against existing Governments

Swiss and Scandinavian police are not unduly worried, although Denmark has been flooded with spies since war began. All under observation, their first slip brings marching orders.

SWITZERLAND'S Nazi leaders have all been convicted of treason, their henchmen scattered, and they will remain scattered despite the desperate efforts of Berlin to rally them again.

Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria have turned an even neater trick on Hitler. They are using the name of Mussolini, his old partner, as the chief talisman against the Nazi witch-doctors.

The round-up of Nazi agitators is making headlines every day up and down the American continent.

The great spy trial, in which Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, uncovered the spider's web of Nazi organisations spreading across the country, was the awakening the two Americas badly needed.

They had allowed Nazis to parade their cities, scatter propaganda in a score of different disguises, without fully realising their sinister motives.

More than one revolution in South American States can be traced to scheming German agents.

Those days are ending, if they have not already gone. Kuhn, U.S. Nazi leader, is in jail, convicted as a common swindler.

South American Governments are being even more ruthless. Local agitators are shot, and German agents sent back to Berlin or interned.

War offers many opportunities to unscrupulous business men, eager to get rich quick. 'John Bull' is now able to reveal exclusively the extent of their attempts to bribe officials and Army men

GRAFT, the infuriating scandal of the last war, only fully revealed when hostilities were over and the vultures had covered their tracks, is starting again.

Information reaching JOHN BULL shows that vigorous action will have to be taken to catch the unscrupulous persons out to rob the public purse.

Most of the firms working feverishly to deliver war materials are above suspicion, but the machinations of the minority are sufficient to involve vast sums of money.

Officers in the Services and officials in Government departments are being approached stealthily by agents of despicable concerns willing to offer large bribes to make outrageous profits.

One attempt, fortunately discovered in time, disclosed that the tempting bait was £3,000 for every £30,000 contract obtained. The man behind the racket was immediately dealt with.

It has been established that a Government official has accepted "bribes" to give certain firms preferential treatment for extensive purchases. Final action is being delayed until evidence needed to cover all those involved has been collected.

A most barefaced effort to bribe an official in one Ministry, handling large orders for bedding, was made by a man who explained that his firm was outside the ring of bedding manufacturers.

"We would like to quote under the prices submitted by the ring," he said, adding, "for all orders we obtain we are willing to give you a worthwhile sum for yourself."

Detectives are now searching for two men who cultivated the acquaintance of an officer at Preston and tried to get him into conversation about a munition factory at Euxton, near Chorley, in Lancashire.

Eventually they offered the officer a bribe if he would help them by divulging information.

He immediately made an official report, giving a full description of the men, who must have become suspicious, for they had vanished by the time police enquiries were made.

At the other end of the scale are small grafters, non-commissioned officers and minor officials who try to extract a few pounds for small privileges.

The War Office received a report recently from a man who had been told by an N.C.O. that he could arrange for him to escape service under the Military Training Act. The culprit was caught and punished.

With the rapid growth of Government departments and the necessity to hurry forward deliveries of materials, opportunities for corruption are many.

In many instances detection is difficult, particularly where it is engineered by certain types of merchants to whom sharp practice is almost second nature.

Considerable assistance in dealing with the evil is being given to the authorities by the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, an unofficial organisation, of which Major-General Sir F. S. Robb is vice-chairman.

Its sources of information are valuable and have frequently enabled chiefs of Government departments to snare some of the cleverest of the grafters.

Even so, it is essential that additional detectives should be assigned to watching the activities of these war time pests.

The country will not tolerate a repetition of the 1914-18 plundering. Energetic action now can stop it, and JOHN BULL demands that no mercy should be shown to those who are caught, no matter what their position or rank.

Major-General Sir F. S. Robb, Vice-Chairman of the Bribery and Secret Commissions League, now helping to end war-time graft

GRAFT MUST BE STOPPED!

Safeguard Your Pleasure!

"Most miserable Thursday night I've spent for years," writes a Birmingham reader, one of many who found their newsagents "out" of JOHN BULL.

If they had placed regular orders with newsagents they wouldn't have been disappointed.

Through difficulties of distribution beyond our control we cannot guarantee your JOHN BULL unless you order in advance.

So no more such miserable nights!

Instead, enjoy your JOHN BULL as usual, with the added feeling of comfort and security that is given by our Free Air Raid Insurance. It is yours for the asking, when you have ordered your JOHN BULL in advance.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

THE MARQUIS OF LIES

Six More Rogues Brought to Book

IT is gratifying that six rogues, exposed in this page while they were still at large, have now been caught.

You have read of the amazing exploits of Lilian May Carter, alias Stanley, who told dupes that she was to inherit a fortune which varied between £70,000 and £200,000.

Last week, at Exeter Assizes, she was sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment for a series of frauds exposed by me

Seventy-one-year-old John Hugh Rowan, whom I described as the "millionaire crook," was, at Exeter, a few days ago, sent to jail for 18 months. He obtained nearly £10,000 from one victim.

An aggregate of 11 years' penal servitude, of which he will serve at least four years, was the punishment given to George Albert Edward Forbes, whose masquerade as the "Hon. Major D. V. McLellan, D.S.O.," was revealed by JOHN BULL. He specialised in duping impressionable women.

"A plausible, suave fraud, humbug and pest" was the judge's description of him.

Three other people on whose activities I turned the searchlight have just been arrested. They are now awaiting trial.

"ARCHBISHOP'S" QUEER FRIENDS

MOST grotesque of religious humbugs, "Archbishop Harrington" emerged from his so-called "Oratory of St. Ignatius of Antioch" in Islington, North London, the other day, to give evidence at the Old Bailey when an accountant was sent to jail for eight months for obtaining money by false pretences.

This man, John William Fordyce, a music-hall acrobat before he turned accountant, had, it was alleged, more or less used the "Archbishop" as an exhibit when he was deluding his victim.

Fordyce made out that he had a contract in connection with the religious sect of which Harrington was supposed to be the head.

The whole pompous legend behind which Harrington preens himself is utter rot.

"Archbishop of the Orthodox Catholic Diocese of St. George in England" is the full rambling title he assumes. He also claims Apostolic succession through Mar Kwamin, described as "Primate of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Africa."

His posturings in this respect would not matter much if they were not turned to account by unscrupulous people persuading the unwary to invest money in hare-brained schemes.

Harrington's name was used a little while ago when the public was deceived to the extent of £30,000 by the promoters of a typewriter company.

It is time the "Archbishop" reverted to his rightful status of "Mister."

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Women Duped by "Incognito" Stories

A MARQUIS, not too discreetly incognito, doctor, wine merchant, secret service agent, actor and company promoter are some of the rôles in the quick-change masquerade of George Stewart, an impudent bluffer.

Latest halting place in his long itinerary of deception is Bognor, and he is still in the district, confident, as usual, that he can brazen his way out of the debts he has incurred. His trail extends to other towns where he stayed before going to Bognor.

Tradesmen who have given him credit and people who have advanced him money will be astonished to hear that behind the charm that impressed them is a career of roguery, punctuated with spells in jail!

George Stewart has many roles in his quick-change masquerade.

For his pose as a nobleman he has used the name of Marquis de la Bra, and, after making sure that anyone he wishes to dazzle with this fictitious title knows about it, he hastens to explain that he is incognito over here!

Other names he has assumed are "Dr. LeRoy" and "George Ernest Hector LeRoy." He has also changed the spelling of his real name to Stuart, and has adopted the prefix "Dr." to names to which he has helped himself.

He has posed as "a retired doctor" lately. He explains that he has practised in Scotland and Ireland.

It would be nearer the mark if he added that he practised some of his slickest tricks in these countries, and that in each place he had been imprisoned.

Stewart makes money out of anyone in any way he can, but women are his favourite dupes. One woman, who entrusted him with about £200 when he was known as "LeRoy," was promised that her son would be given a good job in a company he had formed to market tinned food.

One week's wages only were paid to the youth. For the second week he received a cheque that was returned by the bank. That was the end of the job and the mother's £200.

To another woman, to whom he proposed marriage at a London hotel, he mentioned cheerily that she would be his fifth wife. She found out a few things in time to save herself from having that privilege.

A number of high-sounding enterprises started by this impostor have had short, disastrous careers. He is an unprincipled scoundrel against whom everyone should be warned.

Cut-Price Sugar—Mostly Sand!

OFFERING £75 worth of sugar for £30 is the surreptitious "bargain" with which shopkeepers round London are being tempted by a gang of crooks.

It is not difficult to foist sand on those foolish enough to make the deal, and since the victims themselves know they are liable to prosecution, the police are finding it difficult to prevent the fraud.

They know the man behind it. But he knows how unlikely it is that any of the victimised traders will provide evidence to put him and his confederates in the dock.

He goes by different names, and it is not long since he came out of jail after serving a sentence for fraud.

In the new racket carefully chosen shopkeepers are taken by car to see the sugar at a warehouse.

Several sacks are opened for inspection, and they appear to contain granulated sugar. Actually they are largely filled with sand. By the time this is discovered, the shopkeeper has parted with his money.

In criminal circles, the ruse is known as "putting in the tweedle" and the rogues operating at present are called the "Tweedle Gang."

They think they are smart, but they'll soon be trapped.

Watch 'Em!

THE British Georgette Products Company, of King Street, Leicester, advertises for women to make handkerchiefs at home.

Material costs £1, and there is a promise to buy finished goods.

Leave this alone.

The man behind it, George Channel, organised a similar snare from Northampton some time ago, under the title Estella Products.

All he wants is your money.

* * *

Same Old Firm

Institute for Glandular Treatment, of Majestic Chambers, Westover Road, Bournemouth, claiming to "remove and prevent" all kinds of ailments, is an offshoot of the notorious Institute of Endocrinology, of Baker Street, London, which I exposed recently.

Same warning stands!

* * *

Quite True, But

Captain Sears, describing himself as "Fellow of A.R.P. Institute," and sending out official-looking pamphlets from Rayners Lane, Pinner, Middlesex, has no official standing.

He tells householders that concrete floors will be required for shelters.

No doubt. But he should make it clear that he is asking for work, and not send out circulars that look as though they came from the local authorities.

He Sells Jobs that Don't Exist

"ARTHUR LESLIE PHILLIPS" is one among the assumed names of a scoundrel who has been in jail three times, and is typical of the most insidious employment cheats, now particularly active.

Rotund, bald and bespectacled, aged about forty-seven, businesslike and exceedingly plausible, no one unaware of his record would suspect him.

He is hopping about from town to town, staying just long enough at the best hotel to impress two or three victims and pocket anything from £10 to £25 from each of them.

This money often represents the savings of men who have lost their jobs through the war, and eagerly snatch at anything that appears to offer them a fresh start in life.

Using any other name but his own, Phillips heralds his arrival by a cunning advertisement in a local newspaper, indicating that a big company, recently created, wants men for office work and sales promotion.

Good salaries are offered to those willing to make a deposit.

Applicants are invited to interview Phillips in his room at the hotel where he is staying.

This rogue, master of his despicable trickery, finds the rest easy, and by the time his dupes discover they have been fooled he has vanished. One Lancaster man who has been in touch with me parted with his last £15.

While the police are looking for Phillips, I warn everyone not to part with a penny to obtain a job before making careful enquiries.

Public Benefactor

Mr. F. White, of Baker Street, Sheffield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for supplying me with information about a road registration scheme that is proving most interesting to my department.

Don't hesitate to tell me of anything that should be investigated.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address me personally at JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Voice of the People

- Peace Takes the Offensive
- They Like the "Black-out"
- A "Cheer-up" Society

PEOPLE who think this war proves we have made no advance in the last 25 years towards the ideal of a world at peace are making a big mistake.

With the British Expeditionary Force in France, I am surrounded by comrades in arms who know no hate, are determined to see this job through, and are determined to work for world peace when the war is over.

Men who have never taken an interest in world or even national affairs before are equally determined to work for peace.

One of my comrades, a keen sportsman, says: "I am going to devote a little less time to sport and a little more to working for world peace when this lot is over, for, as the father of a baby son, I don't want to see war in his time."—Private A. Chapple, "Somewhere in France."

They are Worst Off

Well-to-do people whose children have been evacuated have to contribute to their keep. People not so well off whose children have gone to safer regions are not expected to pay anything.

But what about the unemployed? They are worst off of all.

Like the well-to-do, they have to help keep their children, as any one of them will tell you.—E. Nash, Bruce Road, Bow, E.3.

This is quite true. A man's allowances for children evacuated are stopped, even though certain expenses are allowed to continue.

Saving Expense

For "mention in despatches" in the last war I was awarded two oak leaves to my medal ribbons. When I lost one of them, I wrote to my record office for a replacement.

Having been told, in reply, that "to save the expense being borne by public funds, you should purchase same." I have managed to acquire one at a shop, after much running about, for a penny!—Ex-R.Q.M.S. Nunn, King's Liverpool Regt., Hazel Grove, Stockport.

Remedy Needed

Sh-sh-sh-sh!

Dare at your peril to mention the whereabouts of an armaments factory to anyone you meet in a train or a public-house bar.

Yet arms factories broadcast their addresses daily through "situations vacant" columns of newspapers.—S. Gurd, New Parade, Ylewsley, Middlesex.

We are told that authorities intend to seek a remedy for this.

No Long Faces

Tired of world depression, the people of Sydney formed a "cheer-up" society a few months ago. In the first month more than 500 members had been enrolled.

Membership was still growing when I left Australia to return home. Anyone who could answer these questions in the affirmative was allowed to join:

Can you be pleasant to unattractive people?

Can you promise not to gossip?

Do you do the nasty little household jobs that most people shirk?

Can you refrain from judging others?

Can you keep cool in an emergency?—P. B. P., Ruislip, Middlesex.

Four cheer-up organisations have accounts with the Post Office Savings Bank—and one league of pessimists.

The Girls Want to Know

Thousands of women, young and old, rushed to join the Services at the beginning of the War.

Now one of them says:

I AM surprised to hear that the personnel of the W.A.A.F.s (Women Auxiliary Air Force) is to be increased.

In the spring, together with several friends, I joined an officer-training company in London and, by the outbreak of war, we were more or less fully trained.

But what happened? We were called up all right and for two whole days hung around an empty depot.

We were then sent home to await orders, and for seven weeks at least a dozen of us, all eager to do our bit, have been paid for doing nothing but journeying to collect our pay.

At first we got £2 a week.

This has been decreased to £1, and to add to the muddle, we have been sent letters telling us when to collect our pay a day after we should have done so.—Miss J. S., London, W.1.

Hideous Trophy

For the part played by its men in the last war this village was given a gun, a hideous, captured German trophy.

Although it stood some distance outside the village, protests against its presence grew as years went on. And at last, thinking that war itself was banished, we banished that monstrous piece of mechanism.

Now another gun stands there. With shells. And with the shells, soldiers to send those gleaming cylinders of death shrieking into the heavens.

The world didn't learn its lesson. Will it this time?—Miss M., "Somewhere in Surrey."

Black-out Pests

I am a young girl and, having to work late, come home at night during the black-out.

Three times during the past week I have been pestered by men wanting to see me home.

At first I walked away quickly, but in each case I was followed by these black-out nuisances.

Now I tell them that I am on my way to meet my soldier boy-friend, and you should see them disappear.

Perhaps this tip will be useful to other young girls?—Miss P. D., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Nazi Variety Hour

How those German propaganda broadcasts do make us laugh at home!

We spend hours listening-in to Dr. Goebbels and his comics, especially when there is nothing good on the B.B.C.

Why not publish the wave-lengths and times of these German-English programmes, so that everybody can share the fun?

Wouldn't that show old Goby where he gets off?—Mrs. J. A., Manchester.

Their Lucky Stars

While most of us have been complaining about the difficulties of travelling in the "black-out," astronomers have been bubbling over with delight. Not for a quarter of a century, they say, have conditions for research been so good.

A "blacked-out" Britain has brought them new worlds to conquer.—P. J. G., Derry City, Ireland.

For several years astronomers, those of Greenwich Observatory among them, have done their most important astronomical work away from well-lit cities.

Crisis Friendships

Strange that war should release a spirit of friendship among persons who have lived in the same street for years yet have never spoken to each other. In the crisis, they stop to discuss black-out problems, A.R.P. activities, and express a mutual friendly feeling for the Allies.

Even women who have cut each other for years forget old enmity when they realise that their sons are serving in the same military units, drawn together by war. — G. Green, Boscombe, Hampshire.

Comments a London police-court missioner: "At least half the feuds that used to keep me busy are now off."

It's on Record

Don't blame the Record Office concerned every time the allowance of a soldier's wife is delayed.

As a Record Office clerk, I can vouch that more than 25 per cent. of applications containing marriage and birth certificates have to be returned for further details.

I have just received a letter saying "A male child was born September 12. Informant, E. Jones, mother." There was no address, no additional particular of any kind.—Charles E. Welch, Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

We still don't see why an omission on a woman's part should mean a delay of five weeks, provided her address is given.

Pussy in the Black-out

As air raid warden, I went up to a house last night to remind an old woman that light was pouring from an open door.

"I can't possibly shut the door while pussy is out," she told me indignantly.

Her terms for a complete black-out were that *I* should find the cat in question, which I did by dint of much undignified crawling and a final chase with torch in hand and tin-hat bouncing on my head.

It's all in a night's work.—S. Wood, Leysholme View, Leeds, 12.

Story for story: the occupier of business premises not 100 yards from this office called wardens and police because light was pouring from a window. After half an hour's work and much knocking-up of people he found the room was his own.

3-Minute Mystery

WHO KILLED the COLONEL?

"COLONEL BRAITHWAITE has been murdered at his home," said Captain John Connolly, of the Intelligence, as his assistant, Lieutenant Smythe, entered the room. "We'd better go round there and see what happened."

Half an hour later they were in the Colonel's home, looking at the body, examining a bullet wound in the back of the head. The murderer had obviously shot the Colonel while he was looking out of the window.

"He was lying like that when I found him," said Hubert Braithwaite, the Colonel's nephew.

"I was in the study when I heard a shot. I grabbed my revolver and rushed in here in time to see a masked man bending over uncle's body.

"The man dashed into that room, slamming the door behind him.

"I took a shot at him, but my bullet hit the door just as he closed it."

"And then?" asked Connolly.

"Well, I'd better tell you the truth. I was a bit scared. I didn't feel like rushing in to tackle an armed man in the dark. While I was wondering what to do, I heard him climbing out of the window."

"Have you touched anything?"

"Only uncle's body. I wanted to see whether there was anything I could do for him."

Connolly stalked into the other room. He decided that the only way out was through the window. He raised the sash and peered closely at the sill for any sign of clues. There were footprints in the soft earth below.

Finally, he went back.

"Is there anyone else in the house?" he asked of Hubert Braithwaite.

"No."

"Then you'd better explain why you murdered your uncle!" Connolly snapped.

HOW DID HE KNOW THAT HUBERT HAD MURDERED THE COLONEL? See page 20.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HANNEN SWAFFER

turns his searchlight on Sir Walter Monckton, chief of Britain's censors

What a book he could write!

Monckton's Dilemma

IS Sir Walter Monckton strong enough to beat the Brass Hats?

Will he tear aside the veil of secrecy that hides the doings of our fighting men?

I doubt it.

Sir Walter won, in the last war the Military Cross. In recent years he has enjoyed one of the four or five most lucrative practices at the bar.

His legal work has been extraordinary. He has acted, for instance, for the railways in several cases that needed an encyclopædic memory.

On August 6 he was appointed to examine the objections of Irish suspects to the new regulations. A few days later he was appearing for the four Tientsin prisoners claimed by the Japanese.

He was, at the same time, still Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall—a position that, during the Abdication crisis, had kept him for long days and late nights at Fort Belvedere.

Sir Walter's knowledge of the secret history of those days of crisis would make one of the most intriguing books of the century.

His settlement of the resigning King's affairs, his financial plans for his future, his close and intimate contacts with a Throne that, but for care, might have toppled—what a story these things would make!

When, suddenly, the new King gave him the K.C.V.O., he became the first recipient, from George VI, of the only decoration which is the personal gift of the Sovereign.

A FLIGHT to India to arrange the affairs of the Nizam of Hyderabad did not worry Sir Walter, for he was the most air-minded of silks.

He had flown from Assize to Assize, and once stepped from a Moth, as Chancellor of a Consistory Court, in a full-bottomed wig!

But it is the war that has brought him his hardest job. On October 4, in the middle of all the row over the Ministry of Information and its muddle, he was made Director-General of the Press and Censorship Bureau.

British newspapers had been gagged by Whitehall. American journalists of distinction—all pro-British to the core, and all anxious to cable the facts—felt insulted.

"The Press is a nuisance," declared the Brass Hats of the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry. "Tell the people nothing."

It was regarded as their private war! The public had merely to pay—and be bombed—while their sons died.

Lord Camrose, called in to clean up the mess, cut the Ministry of Information into two—and now Sir Walter has the job of "directing the censorship of messages submitted by the Press, supervising the communication of news . . ." and a few other duties

The Brass Hats, however, still stand in the way.

When one expert journalist at the Ministry of Information arranged, after great trouble, Press interviews with the airmen who wrote a new page in maritime history by being the first men to rescue seamen with seaplanes, he was actually reproved for what he had done!

Now the 1914-18 war ended, after years of arguing, with the Service Departments working loyally with the Ministry of Information. This war began with the Brass Hats again on top.

And there they are still.

Sir Walter, put in to transform matters, is merely the servant of the three Service Departments. He has power over censorship, but no control over news sent out by any one of the Fighting Services.

The Air Ministry, for instance, can send to him the dullest of dreary nonsense with instructions that he is to issue it to the Press. If he complains, Kingsley Wood can reply:—

"You are our Post Office. Send it out! Don't argue!"

WISE friends have advised Sir Walter to become an M.P., so that, if blamed, he can put his case before the House. The answer to them is that Sir Walter's present job is not sufficiently important for him to have a seat in Parliament.

Can he, inside the House or out of it, wear down the Brass Hat opposition? That is the Big Query.

Newspaper men like him. He is very friendly. He doesn't "send for them." He walks out into the Press Room, if he wants to see them, and he will sometimes go to the bar with them to have a drink.

He will even, on occasion, shake hands with the girl typists. He listens to the reporters' troubles, which is what reporters like.

BUT is he strong enough to get what he must have—his own way?

I doubt it. Whitehall wants a bludgeon, not a smile.

To win this war, the whole nation must be inspired—continually. It must be told what is going on.

Mind you, the difficulties are very great. Airmen heroes, for instance, dislike publicity.

Indeed, after the Kiel raid, even when official permission was given for the telling of that dramatic story, the airmen refused to talk.

One at last consented to tell how brave another fellow had been.

But the other fellow, who heard through an open door, shouted, "Shut that stuff, or you'll hear from me, my boy."

It is easy to understand that air exploits are usually not individual efforts, but the result of highly skilled team work.

In fact, the whole matter is one of very great difficulty.

And Monckton has to solve it.

War Measures—and You

by a Barrister M.P.

TO ensure that industrial manpower is concentrated on work of greatest national importance, the Minister of Labour, Mr Ernest Brown, has been given wide control, which will be exercised by the promulgation of Orders.

He can, by Order, direct employers not to engage certain workers or to seek them either by notice or other means, including newspaper advertisement, without his consent.

Employers contravening an Order not to advertise will be liable on summary conviction to a fine up to £100, and a further fine up to £100 plus £5 a day for every day an unauthorised worker is employed.

Appointed inspectors will have the right to enter premises, other than those used solely as a dwelling, to examine books, and to question individuals.

Obstruction of, or failure to give required information lays an employer (or his employee) open to a fine of £10.

Supplying false information makes a culprit liable to three months in jail, or a fine of £50—or both.

Before making an Order, the Minister must consult an Advisory Committee composed of representatives of organisations of employers and employed. Although not bound to accept their advice, he must place their report with the Order before Parliament for a statutory period.

Also, the Minister cannot refuse to let a worker take a job with an employer unless there is alternative work available for him elsewhere, of which he must be notified.

If such alternative employment is not forthcoming, the worker has the right to appeal to the local Court of Referees.

If the Court decides that suitable alternative employment was not available, the worker is to receive compensation.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

AGAIN and again, the chief spokesmen for Great Britain and France have told the world what we are fighting against.

We believe the time has now come for them to say plainly what we are fighting for.

Politicians hate to be pinned down to positive statements. Generals, if only to keep the enemy guessing, prefer to conceal their objectives.

But ordinary men and women the world over regard war as the bankruptcy of statesmanship in any case, and will not put their heart into a fight unless they are convinced it is unavoidable.

This time we know that war was unavoidable, and we are determined to see it through to victory at all costs. We have no doubt that we can overthrow "Hitlerism" in Germany.

But that is not enough. We mean to destroy "Hitlerism" wherever it exists. We want to finish with war itself.

We know we can win the war, but we are afraid that the old gang may muddle the peace.

To declare what we are fighting for need not at this stage involve the dotting of every "i" and the crossing of every "t." In fact, no man can safely guess the terms of the final armistice.

The immediate cause of conflict was the invasion of Poland, and an independent Polish State must rise again from the ruins of that gallant and unhappy country.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA has an equal claim to restoration, and Austria must at least be given the right to regain its former sovereignty or, voluntarily, to accept a new allegiance.

But it is too soon to attempt to redraw the map of Europe. It is impossible to insist in advance upon any arbitrary frontiers.

THE WAR AIMS THAT OUGHT NOW TO BE DEFINED ARE NOT TERRITORIAL, AND THE ONLY FRONTIERS THAT SHOULD BE INSISTED UPON ARE THE FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM.

The Premier and the leaders of every political party have said that we must end "the intolerable threat of aggression." We must put a stop to the tyranny of "power politics."

That is true enough, but what does it mean? What, in fact, are we **positively** fighting for?

H. G. Wells, novelist, historian and student of mankind, has dreamed of more than one Utopia, but, in a recent letter to the Press, he was content to suggest a new "Declaration of Rights" as "a criterion for our subsequent treaties and behaviour."

With the help of certain friends, he drew up a draft declaration of this kind. It dealt solely with the rights of man himself; not the rights of nations or Governments.

And it is precisely those human rights which we believe Great Britain ought to proclaim as an essential part of her war aims now.

The White Paper of atrocities in German concentration camps threw up into sharp and hideous relief just what is meant by a denial of some of these fundamental rights of man.

Arrest without trial, imprisonment without sentence, and bestial cruelty inflicted upon helpless people solely because of their race, religion, or political beliefs form part and parcel of the "Hitlerism" which we are sworn to overthrow.

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ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

We know we are fighting against the evil forces controlled by Hitler and Goering. But the world wants to know, also, what we are fighting for

"Without Fear or Favour" by The EDITOR

In the past, this country and the other free countries, too, have refused to interfere in their neighbours' internal affairs. Like Cain, each has said: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And so we all stood by while minorities were crushed, and the Jews were persecuted, and terror spread like a foul disease.

"Hitlerism" could not have attained its present strength but for the cowardice and selfishness of the world's free peoples.

It will not be destroyed until they change their policy and decide that oppression and tyranny must be resisted wherever they occur, and before they gain ascendancy.

We believe, therefore, that the time is ripe for Great Britain to proclaim as her principal war aim the safeguarding of freedom and security for all men and women of every race and colour.

Obviously, no grand war aim of this kind can be usefully declared in general terms. For all the might of the British Empire, Britain does not control the world, and cannot, by herself, ordain a new scheme or society.

Moreover, the rights of man must be dependent to some extent upon the rights of nations. We have declared our resolve to restore "the rule of law" in international affairs, but we have not clearly explained what we mean by this high-sounding phrase.

We ought to do so. We ought to give Germany and all the rest of the world a fair general idea of our fixed principles.

And so—tentatively—JOHN BULL will now set forth some of the main principles for which we are—or ought to be—fighting.

FIRST OF ALL, THEN, WE ARE FIGHTING TO PROTECT THE WEAK AGAINST THE STRONG. WE ARE RESOLVED NEVER AGAIN TO LET ANY FREE PEOPLE'S FREEDOM DEPEND UPON THE MERCY OF A POWERFULLY ARMED NEIGHBOUR.

TO this end, we are fighting to abolish armaments. They are a curse to the whole society of mankind.

A police force is needed to protect individual rights in any country, however small. Some kind of international police force is equally needed to protect small national rights.

But, hitherto, every disarmament proposal has been one-sided and unfair. Great Britain certainly did her best to disarm after the last war. She even went to the length of undermining her own safety.

WHEN THE NEW PEACE TREATY IS DRAWN UP, SHE MUST INSIST UPON A RIGIDLY RECIPROCAL DISARMAMENT ALL ROUND. VICTOR AND VANQUISHED ALIKE MUST LAY DOWN ALL THEIR ARMAMENTS.

The private traffic in arms—a proved menace to peace denounced by every responsible writer and economist all the world over—must be forbidden utterly and absolutely.

THAT DONE, WE SHOULD INSIST UPON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A NEW—AND HONEST—LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Right from the start, every nation should be invited to join this League, and the victor and the vanquished must be free to do so on equal terms.

Given a general and strictly fair measure of disarmament all round, no country could afford to stop out.

Let us sum this up before we go on any further. We now see that we are fighting (a) for universal disarmament, and (b) for a new League of Nations to form a world police force.

That is an excellent start, but it is only a start. For it has become clear that the basic cause of all wars is economic and, just as we believe in the right of every man to a job of work and a fair livelihood, so must we accord to each nation the right to trade and earn its own living on terms of strictly fair competition.

To this end Great Britain should be prepared to sacrifice some of the special advantages she has hitherto enjoyed.

We cannot hand over self-governing dominions. We cannot even give away small colonies and mandated territories. But we can—and we must, if we are sincere—sacrifice our privileged position and, so far as we are able, throw all the world's markets open to all the world upon equal terms.

WE SHOULD THEREFORE STATE THAT, AS FAR AS GREAT BRITAIN IS CONCERNED, WE ARE READY TO ABOLISH TARIFFS ALTOGETHER; REMOVE CURRENCY RESTRICTIONS; AND END COMPETITIVE SUBSIDIES.

Earnest of this bold determination should be given at once by allowing India complete self-government.

And, as regards Palestine and every other territory where British policy is now compelled to steer a careful course between conflicting interests, we should proclaim our readiness to abide by the decision of a neutral tribunal.

Only after this fine gesture has been made; only after we have declared our willingness to share with every peaceably-minded neighbour; can we effectively stress our cardinal war aim—the defence of the rights of man.

And, even then, the proof of our sincerity is only to be found in our readiness not only to proclaim but to establish those rights among our own people.

In law and in general custom we still enjoy an individual freedom as large as any in the world. But, with all our advantages, we still tolerate inequalities and ignore the oppression of our own "minorities."

IT THEREFORE FOLLOWS THAT OUR FINAL AND DECLARED WAR AIMS SHOULD INCLUDE: (1) A BASIC RATE OF MAINTENANCE FOR EVERY WILLING WORKER IN THE COUNTRY WHETHER EMPLOYED OR UNEMPLOYED, AND (2) A MINIMUM STANDARD OF DECENT LIVING FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COUNTRY.

WE are certain that, if Germany and the neutral world could once be convinced that these were, in fact, the things that Great Britain was fighting for, the immense world-will for peace would soon assert itself and the powers of darkness, tyranny and aggression would be for ever overthrown.

ARGUE IT OUT!

The Mind of a Child

BY PALLAS

IN the eyes of a child—if one could read them—are mirrored, yet obscured, deeply, mysteriously, the workings of a fathomless mind. Those eyes are like skies. Across them in turn flit storms of thunder, the brightness of sunny days, the bitterness of winter and, above all, the promise of spring.

In them is no thought of despair, no thought of bitter-sweet years to come.

Who shall read the mind of a child?

Few school teachers with their hard and fast rules, their lack of patience and their dull intolerance can take the first soundings in that mental sea. Psychologists read imposingly enough.

That's all.

Britain's children to-day are the victims of a world gone mad. They are living in crazy days. Their first standard of values is already shattered. The topsy-turvyism of war has thrown out of gear the routine of their lives.

Hundreds of thousands of them have for weeks roamed town and city streets until the President of the Board of Education, lamenting the closed schools, speaks in despair of their being reared as barbarians.

Well, I never did care much for the opinion of Ministers of Education. Few have known as children the faults and imbecilities of our system of free schooling.

Lack of schooling for a few weeks or months will do no harm to our children, as long as the influence of a good home remains.

FROM the unfounded fear of barbarism to the unfathomed wonder of the mind of a child is not so great a step as you might imagine. In every child there is a touch of the rudeness, the untamed rebellion of the savage. There is, too, an unconscious sense of beauty.

To-day in mansions, in country houses, in lovely villages that sense of beauty is being developed. Children evacuated from the ugliness and viciousness of cities are, for the first time, drinking into their young souls the essence of beauty . . . the clean vastness of the sea, the fragrance of the forest, the freshness of hills and moors.

They are living—most of them, anyhow, for some, according to reports, have been shamefully treated—in a paradise of cleanliness and freedom that must act as a magical charm on eyes and minds stunted by prison walls of city bricks and mortar.

To many elderly and well-to-do people those kiddies have brought in their turn glimpses of another and not so pleasant world.

They are living reminders of a social system permitting with little protest and less struggle endless miles of slums. That same system has condemned thousands of the evacuee children to a life of vice, poverty, hunger and dirt, all the shameful by-products of muddle and ignorance.

There is another side of this human ledger.

MANY childless couples know to-day the companionship and trust that only a child can give. They know the beauty of a child's smile, the dawning wonder of its shy, hesitant gratitude.

No one can tell how the mind of a child is likely to develop. The old order changes, and the tempo of that change moves more quickly amidst the havoc and turmoil of war. Who can say what effect on the social order the evacuation of Britain's children will have?

From planting in their minds the seeds of beauty may come in later years a passionate desire for a better and saner social system.

That desire may be born of envy, of ambition, of memories lingering through the years. More likely it will come of bitterness For the return to the greyness and narrowness of town and city may arouse in the yet unfashioned mind a dim sense of resentment and injustice—the voice of a social grievance that will not be stilled, but will leap into active tongue in the days of manhood.

The first move towards that change is taking place to-day.

Whatever the evils of war, this good will have been done. Barriers of class and caste will be weaker and more easily surmounted than they were before the mad dogs of Armageddon were unleashed.

WILL SCOTT shows in this short story that there is more in the "black-out" than meets the eye

BRING 'em Back ALIVE!

Closing time was exciting. Old man Simkin got the tar barrel, Huggins got the plank. Everybody got something — somewhere!

IT'S an ups-and-downsy sort of town. It takes a bit of knowing. There isn't a street in the place runs straight for more than a hundred yards. And then it doesn't turn at right-angles as a normal street would. It twists a bit and goes on again. And drops. And then climbs . . .

And in places the kerb is just a kerb. And in other places it's three steps. And the building lines are anyhow, so that here a house sticks out and there a house sticks in.

It's hopeless.

Of course, it didn't matter at all in the old days. You twisted when the street twisted. You came out when the houses came out, and when the kerb became three steps you went down them.

You called it, as a matter of fact, a "quaint little place."

And then along came this person Hitler, and *was* it fun?

The black-out anywhere is nobody's joke, but down in that little town . . . !

Where the houses came out you ran into them. Where the houses stood back you stood for ten minutes, groping, wondering what you were going to run into.

SO that by the second night of the war you stayed indoors after dusk.

Unless . . . you were one of the regulars at the "Barley Mow" or the "Malt Shovel" or the "North Pole," or, in fact, any of the others.

The war's bad enough, but without the odd hour at the "Barley Mow" life wouldn't be worth living.

So you kept the old flag flying and arrived home cursing with broken shins.

Things cheered up for a bit when torches were allowed. But only for a bit. At the end of the bit you discovered that there wasn't a refill to be bought.

So you fell down the kerbs and broke your shins all over again.

"Can't somebody do something?" whined old Wimble, one dark, dark night in the "Barley Mow."

That was just what Mr. Pepper was thinking.

So Mr. Pepper took Mr. Potts aside and put it to him.

It's a residential little town, which means that only about one out of a hundred is a native. The rest have been here a year or two, and the menfolk catch the 8.8 up to London every morning.

They think they know the town, but they don't. They know the insides of their little villas and their favourite pubs, but that's all.

"Whereas," said Mr. Pepper to Mr. Potts, "*we've* been here these fifty years and more. The black-out doesn't worry us. We shan't walk into walls. We've seen the walls go up one by one, year by year."

"YES, but what——," said Mr. Potts. "We know every stick and stone in the place like we know the backs of our hands," said Mr. Pepper. "I could find my way anywhere here blindfold."

"Same with me," said Mr. Potts. "But what——."

"Supposing," said Mr. Pepper with lowered voice, "just supposing that each of the regulars in each of the pubs paid us a penny a night—sixpence a week on contract—to pilot them home through the black-out. Think it over. There's money in it."

Mr. Potts thought it over there and then. Also, he added it up. It didn't come to so much that he got excited.

"But you haven't heard the best bit," said Mr. Pepper.

So Mr. Potts heard the best bit.

The next night Pepper and Potts, Black-out Pilots, set up in business. It took a bit of explaining. The regulars thought it was mad when they first heard of it.

BUT with a good bit of talk and two or three nights to talk in, the business got going at last. What really helped it along was the fact that old man Simkin, with more aboard than he really needed, fell into a lime-pit and ruined a suit on one of the blackest nights of the black-out.

That did it. They rolled up, and sixpences began to pour in.

"Though how they do it at sixpence a head a week, I don't know," said somebody. "It's just silly."

Yes, the business got going at last, and the one big snag came to light at once.

Half-past nine . . .

"Ready, gentlemen," said Mr. Pepper in the "Barley Mow." (Mr. Potts, at that moment, was working the "Red Dragon" at the other end of the town.)

"What?" said somebody.

"Home, gentlemen," said Mr. Pepper.

"*At half-past nine?*" gasped the amazed somebody.

"Damn silly," snorted old man Simkin. "They don't close till ten, and we always stop behind for a last one till ten past or so."

"Sorry, gentlemen," said Mr. Pepper. "I've got the 'Malt Shovel' and the 'North Pole' and the 'Fox and Grapes' to empty as well. It's a very dark night, and raining cats and dogs. Not safe to be out if you're not sure of the way. I must be going. And now."

So they all went. And did everybody curse?

Except, of course, Mrs. Simkin and the rest of the wives.

"Home at half-past nine, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkin, brightening up like a July afternoon.

"Home at half-past nine, James!" exclaimed Mrs. Huggins, next door, all smiles for the first time that day.

"Damn the war!" said old man Simkin.

"Damn the war!" said Huggins.

And "Damn the war!" said every other regular in the town.

AND, as they said to each other on the train the following morning, "that sort of caper isn't going to last long."

You'd have taken Mr. Pepper for a fool, and Mr. Potts for a bigger one. But it isn't wise to judge by appearances, as somebody found out a long time ago.

After two nights of the Black-out Pilots, old man Simkin said openly that it was the damned silliest idea he'd ever heard of. The partners could keep the first sixpence, but he was dropping out. Now.

Mr. Pepper said never a word.

"I'm not going home at half-past nine," declared old man Simkin. "I'm staying here till I'm put out, like I always do. And damn the war!"

Mr. Pepper said never a word.

The next night two more of them dropped out. That was at the "Barley Mow." But the same tale was being told everywhere, at the "Malt Shovel," the "North Pole," the "Red Dragon," all the places.

Beer, all the regulars had decided, was best.

Mr. Pepper said never a word.

(Continued on page 20.)

NO RISE IN PRICE OF WINCARNIS -YET

Wine duty is up—but Wincarnis is not. Buy Wincarnis now at the old price and enjoy the quick restorative action of the fine continental wines reinforced with beef and malt extracts. There is no substitute for Wincarnis for wartime nerves!

Health is priceless

WINCARNIS

Still only 5/6 a bottle

CHAMPAGNE PINT SIZE 8/3

The Pen for Active Service

YOU cannot do better than send a Swan to those on active service or in training. The Swan played a great part in keeping open the 'lines of communication' during 1914-1918. And to-day it is a better pen than ever—strong, efficient and reliable, it is always 'at the ready' to keep in touch with home and friends.

SWAN PENS

PRICES AS USUAL: Leverless Swans 17/6 to 42/-. Visofil Swans, 25/-. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens, 7/6 (Ladies' size 5/6). Fyne-Point Pencils from 5/-. Of all Stationers and Jewellers.

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Get Eu under thum

says Ch

HERE I sit with a Bush P.B.61 whole field of operations ne One push brings me the B.B.C Rome thinking? I push again and fairy tales Germany has tonight. I gramme at 431 metres, and one of

So here I sit like a dictat capitals of Europe to my fireside at present no ultimatums! All I ask is And this Bush Button tuning mak so reliable. Try it for yourself.

Bush Appointed Dealers Display this Sign.

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BU BUTTO fro

ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.61.

5-valve (inc. rect.) All-wave A.C. superhet. 7 Push Buttons — 4 stations (2 Long and 2 Medium Wave) and 3 waveband selectors. Clear, illuminated station-calibrated dial. Gns. (cash) 10

Incidentally the same set in Console form (Type S.U.G.61) costs only 11½ Guineas.

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER ROAD, CHISWICK,

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Get Europe under your thumb . .

says Christopher Stone

HERE I sit with a Bush P.B.61 model in front of me and the whole field of operations neatly laid out in Bush Buttons. One push brings me the B.B.C.'s Home Service. What is Rome thinking? I push again and there *is* Rome. Let's see what fairy tales Germany has tonight. Paris, too, has a powerful programme at 431 metres, and one of my buttons is adjusted to that.

So here I sit like a dictator with the power to call the capitals of Europe to my fireside at the 'Bush' of a Button. But I present no ultimatums! All I ask is the pleasure of their company. And this Bush Button tuning makes it so easy, so instantaneous, so reliable. Try it for yourself.

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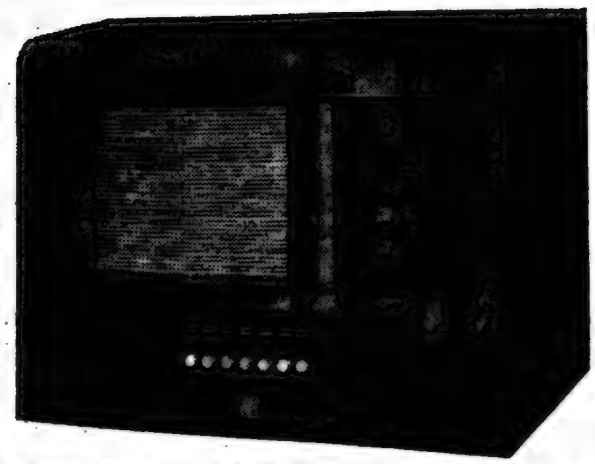
Bush BUTTON RADIO

from 8½ gns.



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5-valve (inc. rect.) All-wave A.C. superhet. 7 Push Buttons — 4 stations (2 Long and 2 Medium Wave) and 3 waveband selectors. Clear, illuminated station-calibrated dial. Gns. **10**

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A TIP-TOP REASON WHY MANIKINS ARE BEST
Manikins are rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—too small for bigger cigars yet actually the sweetest of all. That's why Manikins are always so mild and soothing.

Off duty—

Make it a Manikin

YOUR routine of life has been upset—and your nerves are the first to suffer. That's why a peaceful half-hour with a Manikin Cigar is so welcome. The soothing influence of Manikins' real Havana flavour brings your thoughts back to their usual tranquillity. So when you're off duty—make it a rule to make it a Manikin.

5 FOR 1/-

METAL POCKET CASE

15 FOR 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. - ESTABLISHED 1839

royds 36

TAKE NO RISKS WITH COUGHS & Colds THIS AUTUMN

Black-out nights, with their accompaniment of close-shut windows, have led to a large increase in the number of people with coughs and colds. A badly-ventilated room is a happy breeding ground for germs to spread, and normally healthy people have, under the strain of the last few weeks, found themselves more than usually prone to catch cold. Taken in time, these coughs and colds are not dangerous, but if allowed to develop, may lead to serious bronchial troubles during the coming winter. *Start taking Famel Syrup immediately you feel the first signs of discomfort and you will prevent the cold developing. If a cold has got a hold already, Famel Syrup will bring speedy relief and prevent the probability of worse troubles.*

• • •

Famel Syrup is no ordinary cough medicine. It contains a special ingredient called Soluble Lactocreosote which is the most powerful cough germicide known. Soluble Lactocreosote goes into the blood stream at once, gets right to the breeding ground of the germs and kills them at once. At the same time, the healing and soothing ingredients in Famel Syrup are bringing ease to sore membranes and restoratives are maintaining and enlivening your general system. Doctors, hospitals and sanatoria recommend Famel Syrup. Get a bottle from your chemist now.

Doctors, hospitals, nurses, everywhere, know and use Famel Syrup. It costs 1/6 and 3/- a bottle. Get a bottle to-day. All chemists sell it.

FAMEL BRAND **SYRUP**

Conquers Coughs

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middlx.

CONTINUING

Will Scott's Black-Out Story

But the night after the dry rot really set in he and Mr. Potts got busy with the fall of dusk. A barrel of tar outside a new building seemed, to them, to be out of place. They put it in place. A hollow at the end of Maple Avenue seemed unnecessarily dry. They filled it with water. They found, at the top of Hammer Hill, a plank with nothing to do. They gave it something to do.

They found all kinds of things. Opportunity knocks once only at the door of every man. Messrs. Pepper and Potts had no intention of being rude to the lady.

And nine-thirty found them back on the job. If you could say there was any job to be found back on.

"Anybody for home, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Pepper.

Mr. Meeks only. The rest just smiled and ordered fresh pints.

"This way then, sir," said Mr. Pepper to Mr. Meeks.

It was a foul night. Mr. Meeks felt almost nervous.

"MIND that plank, sir," said Mr. Pepper.

Mr. Meeks minded that plank.

"Some fool of a boy been playing about," observed Mr. Pepper. And presently "Careful, sir. Barrel of tar or something."

He got Mr. Meeks safely home at last.

"I reckon," said Mr. Meeks, safe on his own doorstep, "that this idea of yours is the cheapest sixpenn'orth I've ever had in my life."

"That's very nice of you," said Mr. Pepper. "And now I'll go along and see if there's any trade left at the 'Malt Shovel.'"

There wasn't much.

But closing time that night was *good*. Old man Simkin got the tar barrel. Huggins got the plank. Everybody got something. Fate showed no favouritism. Nobody was left out.

"Damn the war!" they all groaned, as they staggered, blue, black, bruised and swollen, into their several homes.

And the next night. . . .

"Anybody for home, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Pepper in the "Barley Mow."

"Yes, I'm coming along," said Mr. Meeks.

"And me," said old man Simkin.

"Me, too," said Huggins.

"Me, too," said everybody else.

"It's only half-past nine, gentlemen," Mr. Pepper reminded them.

"We're—going—home!" they said firmly.

"As you wish, gentlemen," said Mr. Pepper. "There's—er—another week to pay for now."

They paid.

They've paid ever since.

They're still paying. Still going home at half-past nine. Dodging overturned barrows and things under the guidance of Messrs. Pepper and Potts.

Getting home whole. And dry.

It is, they say, the best investment they've ever heard of.

Though how it pays Pepper and Potts, at sixpence a head. . . .

It's just mad, they say.

Yesterday morning, half-way to the station, old man Simkin remembered the important papers he ought to have put in his attaché case but hadn't. That reminded him of the attaché case which he ought to have brought with him, but hadn't.

He swore. To turn back meant missing the train. But to go on without the papers meant a row.

He turned back.

He reached his gate. He stopped.

There was a voice.

Not just a voice, but the well-known voice of Mr. Pepper. And another voice. The even better-known voice of Mrs. Simkin.

OLD man Simkin crept round a bush out of sight.

"Half a crown," Mr. Pepper was saying. "Sixpence change. Thank you, madam."

"And it's worth it," replied Mrs. Simkin. "Two shillings a week to have your husband home at half-past nine every night, after all these years."

"I'm glad you're satisfied, madam," said Mr. Pepper.

"More than," said Mrs. Simkin. "Good morning."

"Good morning, madam," said Mr. Pepper.

Old man Simkin shrank back in the bush. Mr. Pepper passed him and went next door.

He knocked on the door.

"Good morning, madam," old man Simkin heard him say.

"Good morning, Mr. Pepper," he heard Mrs. Huggins respond.

"Called for the two shillings, madam."

"Yes, certainly. I'll just get my purse. . . ."

"Well," sighed the hidden Simkin in his bush. "Well, I'm damned!"

Mystery Solution

Captain Connolly found the window closed. He knew that an escaping murderer might slam a door behind him, but no one fleeing for his life would stop to close a window after him.

From this he knew that Hubert Braithwaite was lying.

Faced with this, the nephew confessed that he and his uncle had quarrelled over money.

The man with a spade must take the offensive when he sees pests on the Home Front

By Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S.

Gardeners Must Fight Club-Root!

TWO pests attack the roots of cabbage. Club-root, caused by a fungus that infests the root and causes it to swell, is now threatening the country's cabbage crop. Sometimes this swelling takes the form of "finger and toe," by which name it is known in some districts.

The disease attacks all members of the cabbage family—cauliflowers, brussels sprouts, broccoli, and even wallflowers and cruciferous weeds; it infects the soil, and even healthy plants suffer.

In the first place the remedy is to lime the soil thoroughly after digging. As much as half a pound of hydrated lime a square yard will be necessary on acid soils.

Although infection can usually be traced to the seed bed, plants do not show signs of club-root until they are more matured.

Seed beds where Spring cabbages are being grown should be watered before sowing with a solution of mercuric chloride mixed with water, one ounce to twelve gallons.

Seedlings should again be watered with this solution after a few weeks. When holes are being made to put out cabbages, a quarter of an ounce of the same solution should be poured into the hole. A poisonous substance, mercuric chloride should be handled with care.

A NON-POISONOUS material, "Brassian," can also be sprinkled over the seed bed, one ounce to the square yard. When holes are being made, it can be applied, mixed with a little fine soil.

The other pest is a tiny maggot that eats into the roots of cabbages and causes swellings. The maggot found inside the tissue when these swellings are cut in two comes from a small fly that lays its eggs just below the soil level. Often a dozen maggots may be found on roots.

One remedy is to use the mercuric chloride again—a quarter of an ounce to two gallons of water. Of this a quarter pint should be put into each hole at planting time. A second application may be necessary for bad attacks.

There is still time to plant out seedling cabbages.

Set the seedlings twelve inches apart in the row, with eighteen inches between to allow for hoeing. Set roots well down in soil and make as firm as possible.

If there is a shortage of space, set broad beans six inches apart in a double row between every second row of cabbages. These would follow the cabbages.

Sow "Longpod" beans. They are a hardy type.

GARDENERS creating allotments in all parts of the country are troubled with twitch, a grass with pernicious wiry roots, which should be pulled out and burned. Ordinary grasses can be turned into the bottom of a trench, there to rot and form manure.

Unless you are intending to plant an allotment immediately, leave the surface as rough as possible, allowing the clods to fall unbroken from the spade. Not only does this allow weather action to break up the clay particles, but also it exposes more surface to the birds, the gardeners' best friends in getting rid of soil pests.

"LIFE BE DIFFERENT THESE DAYS," thinks this old gardener. Village people and city people—each in his or her own way—all feel the extra burden today on nerves and body.

"OF COURSE I'VE BEEN HIT BY THE WAR. I've got ten times the worry I had a few months ago, but I'm not letting it get me down. I know that the best way to tackle worry is to get really good sleep every night. That's what keeps me going."

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

3rd GROUP SLEEP

Bad sleepers, people who find it hard to go to sleep, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers.

The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night—*activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd GROUP SLEEP

People in this Group seem to sleep well enough, yet feel they lack energy during the day. They get tired easily, feel 'nervy,' run-down. They can't concentrate.

Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition—ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st GROUP SLEEP

People in this group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 5 or 6 hours in bed, they have plenty of energy during the day. They are never handicapped by 'nerves' or tiredness.

They get the right kind of sleep—that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everybody should have and that Horlicks gives.

HOW well you stand up to the strain, worry and extra work of war-time depends very largely upon what kind of sleep you get.

Scientists tell us that all people belong to one of 3 Sleep Groups—1st Group, 2nd Group, 3rd Group.

They say that the reason why people get 'nervy,' tired or run-down is because they belong to the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Groups. Their trouble is that their brain and nerves are "activated" all night by the body's excess acid waste products which accumulate in the blood.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that only Horlicks taken at bedtime counteracted completely these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep. Take Horlicks tonight and see how much better you feel all day.

NO NEED TO ADD MILK

Horlicks is not a drug but a well-balanced nourishing food. No need to add milk, the milk is already in Horlicks. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

SAYS Master O'Kay —*the Saucy Boy.*

The luscious fruits in O.K. Sauce are full of rich sun-ripened nourishment. They make even dull "War Fare" breakfasts enjoyable and children relish every meal that is brightened with a dash of this truly fruity sauce.

Prices as usual

At all good Stores.

28 YEARS AGO—"The soldier prince a good sauce with his dinner or... supper.... He prefers 'O.K.' Sauce to any other."
—*United Service Gazette, 1st June, 1911*

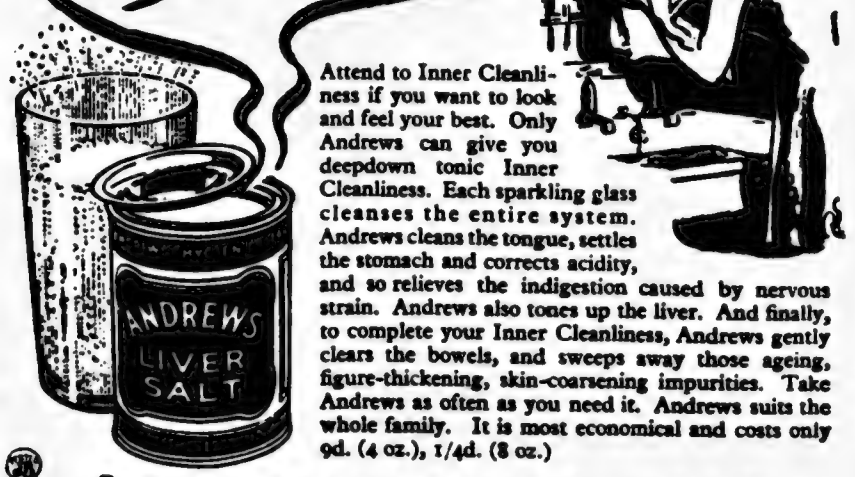
MASON'S O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

Excuse me— to look your best, see to Inner Cleanliness



Attend to Inner Cleanliness if you want to look and feel your best. Only Andrews can give you deepdown tonic Inner Cleanliness. Each sparkling glass cleanses the entire system. Andrews cleans the tongue, settles the stomach and corrects acidity, and so relieves the indigestion caused by nervous strain. Andrews also tones up the liver. And finally, to complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, and sweeps away those ageing, figure-thickening, skin-coarsening impurities. Take Andrews as often as you need it. Andrews suits the whole family. It is most economical and costs only 9d. (4 oz.), 1/4d. (8 oz.)

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(58e)

Iceberg Wives

HUMANIST

brings solace to many people in tackling the problem of fading married love. He will also help you, if you are beset by troubles that are threatening your happiness. Write to him.

"THERE is no other man in her life, yet my wife is so indifferent to me that I feel like enlisting."

In these few words yet another husband summarises the tragedy of fading married love.

And when married love turns to indifference it may not hurt, but it makes life insipid.

The man whose letter I have quoted says he has been married for some years. He has good health, a good job, a comfortable home. Only his wife's indifference spoils his happiness.

"I am certain my wife's affection is

"Outwardly she is everything that a wife should be, but as far as love is concerned we might as well be brother and sister. I feel she is completely indifferent to me now"

not engaged elsewhere," he says. "But as far as feelings are concerned we might be brother and sister.

"My meals are always good and well served. My wife is attentive to her home duties. She is perfectly straight. Outwardly she is everything that a wife should be.

"I try to be a good husband. I spend all my spare time at home and we never quarrel.

"Yet there is this aloofness between us, a sort of 'you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go mine' state of affairs. I want to find the cause of this cold indifference. I am smart and respectable. My wife is attractive and pleasing.

"The problem has become so troublesome that I have been thinking of enlisting.

"Before taking the plunge, I would like your advice."

BEFORE discussing the problem gnawing at this husband's mind, I must point out that he should not expect physical passions to remain constant. They ebb and flow.

If it is to be a success, a marriage needs something more enduring. It must contain such essential ingredients as friendship, loyalty, understanding, mutual interests, a sense of humour, the ability to recognise another point of view, a willingness to make concessions.

Meredith put it neatly when he remarked that passion is the match that lights the candle of affection. The match soon burns out; the candle burns quietly to the end.

This complaint of a wife's indifference expresses a real source of unhappiness. Dozens of men tell me their wives are "icebergs."

And dozens of letters from wives complain that although they do their best to create a good home, cleaning, cooking and mending socks, their husbands are ill-tempered and irritable. They appear thoroughly disgruntled with life.

I will give an instance of another domestic problem.

"I was happily married until three years ago, when my husband died leaving me with a daughter," says a woman correspondent. "We moved from our village to a large town, where my daughter won a scholarship.

"I could not afford to give her a secondary education on my widow's pension, so I decided to marry again to give the girl a start in life. But as I don't love my second husband, I am wondering whether I did right.

"I do all I can for him, but even so I cannot bring myself to be to him as I was to the first. I wonder whether I ought to have remained a widow and denied my daughter her chance."

HERE is a woman doing her best to be a good cook-housekeeper-companion to the second husband. If that is all he expected of her, he is more than likely satisfied with the bargain.

The wife who is "frigid" invariably emphasises her housewifery qualities to the exclusion of all else. If she is housekeeper first and wife second, there is generally unhappiness.

If she is wife first and housekeeper second the result is satisfactory in nineteen cases out of twenty.

Frigidity is a psychological problem. Many books have been written about it, but analysing is one thing, curing another. But let us consider problems arising before marriage.

"I went out with a girl for five years before I became aware that we were not really suited to each other," says a man who wrote to me the other day. "But I found it impossible to mention this fact after so many years of courtship.

"So I found a job abroad, hoping the separation would create a way out. To my dismay people asked me whether I was going to give the girl a ring before sailing. Even my own people, who knew the truth, told me I ought to become engaged. I did. Then left the country.

"After a few months abroad letters from the girl became fewer and fewer. Eventually they ceased altogether. That was the end. The girl is now happily married and a proud mother.

"I met another girl who had been engaged for years.

"In a short time that engagement was definitely off, but her father refused to allow us to marry because he had already promised the girl to another man.

"We married secretly and have just celebrated ten years of happiness."

IN thus bringing his story to its happy ending, the writer points out that he now believes in a "short engagement every time." He also says that he thinks it best to marry so young that you will grow like each other in your tastes, and that even though you listen to your elders, "do not always do as they advise. They mean well, but the final decision is with you."

Had he believed all this years ago, he would have married a different girl, but since he is so happy with his second love, the argument loses a little of its effect.

There is danger in long engagements, and there is a great deal to be said in favour of early marriages.

People become too "rigid" in their habits and are less willing to adjust themselves to others.

The pity of it is that young people are ripe for marriage years before it is economically possible. This period of frustration cannot be good.

To save herself from every-day ills

The 'Modern Mother' takes Beechams Pills

Mothers take Beechams Pills to avoid constipation, and so to keep slim, active and never over-tired. Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective and reliable. They are purely vegetable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some for yourself, today.

Worth a Guinea a Box

This is Albert Pryke's eight-year-old daughter

"Greatest of These"

A LONDONER, Albert Pryke, was among those ex-Servicemen who had to make greater sacrifices when war made evacuation essential.

His wife was lying in a Paddington Hospital, slowly recovering from a major operation performed three weeks ago.

Too ill to travel far, she was taken home when the hospital was evacuated, and there she lies, still helpless, still attended by doctors.

Albert Pryke must carry on in dire distress. He has two children, a seventeen-year-old son, who contributes 10s. to the family budget, and a daughter of eight. Thirteen shillings has to be found each week for rent.

Yet his only income is Unemployment Benefit. His wife's illness and his inability to buy her extra nourishing foods are causing him great anguish.

Will you send a donation to help us relieve this deserving ex-Serviceman? Address letters to "Forty-Five," JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and a copy of the current week's subscription will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. 6d. from "Gardenia" (Scarborough).

"What! No walkies to-night?" barks Gyp

MASTER never wants his walking stick now. Goes out at all hours with tin hat and haversack but leaves Gyp behind! Most unsatisfactory . . . yet Gyp's a 'plus' dog for all that.

Does *your* dog get enough exercise? Is he a 'plus' dog? Black-outs will mean serious lack of exercise; rationing is bound to mean an ill-balanced diet. Unless you take immediate steps to counteract these two facts, your dog's health will be upset.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now more necessary than ever. One Bob Martin's once a day will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by restricted exercise and faulty feeding. Let Bob Martin's make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. These famous little powders will keep him free from the ills and hazards of the coming winter and make him a happy and grateful companion in the long days (and nights) to come. It's a small request with a big return. *From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d. and 1/-.*

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 608 Union St., Southport, Lancs.

Bob Martin's

HOW TO PAY YOUR WAY ON WAR WAGES

High Food Values at Low Prices

HOW much has the War cut into your housekeeping money? Every penny *must* go further, so stock up with Bournville Cocoa now. You know how good it is for the kiddies; from now on make Bournville Cocoa *your* staple food, too, and get through the winter healthy and hearty. Bournville Cocoa is a food. A cupful, made with all milk, is equal to two eggs or ½ lb. of cod. And you get 28 cups to every qtr. lb. tin of Bournville Cocoa—still 6d. Twice as many in ½ lb. tins—for only 11d.

Food—money—health—the urgent problems in Britain's homes to-day. Look how this housewife solved it, then read the letter below from a Chiswick mother.

SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BOURNVILLE COCOA
Father: Yes, it looked a lot—but somehow I don't feel . . . satisfied.
Mother: I thought you had plenty.
Elsie: I don't feel a bit 'full up,' Mummy!
SHE GAVE THEM BOURNVILLE COCOA
Father: Grand idea, this Bournville Cocoa. Fills you up, warms you up, and you sleep till the alarm goes!
Mother: It's balanced my War budget, I can tell you.
Elsie: Fill it up to the top, Mummy!

Mother of 12 says:

'I get 3d. worth of nourishment for 1¼d.'

'Only mothers who have to keep several children on a working man's pay know what a struggle it can be!' says Mrs. C. L. Bartlett, wife of a Chiswick painter and decorator. 'Bournville Cocoa is the only way I know to keep my family well fed and warm without dipping into the money we need for gas, coal and clothes. We call a cup of Bournville Cocoa 3d. worth of nourishment for 1¼d. It's helped me to bring up all 12 of my children. The whole family, and me, too, have been much healthier in winter since we've had Bournville Cocoa once or twice a day.'

BARRISTER'S WIFE HAS 11 CHILDREN

Many people with suddenly acquired families, such as a barrister's wife who has 11 evacuated children in her country house, are solving the food and health problem by giving the children cups of Bournville Cocoa with breakfast and supper. Country air and Bournville Cocoa are turning them into fine rosy-cheeked youngsters. In these difficult days thank goodness you can still get such a wonderful nourishing food for so little. Be ready for a gruelling winter. Get the Bournville Cocoa habit.

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

—A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

Appearance still counts!

Eve shampoo keeps your hair smart and lovely

Housework or office work all day, National Service at night. It doesn't leave much time for looking after one's appearance, does it? But, war or no war, you can't neglect your hair, and you'll feel so much happier if you know that it's silken and lovely, and looking its very best.

Eve Shampoo does the job in double-quick time. It saves time in actual washing because it brings out all the dirt and grease in a moment, and it saves time in rinsing because it's soapless and doesn't cling to your hair. That's the reason Eve leaves your hair so gloriously alive and vital—there's no ugly soap-scum to obscure its natural lustre. And, of course, Eve saves you money, because it costs only 2d—and that's a very big point in these days.

only 2d

EVC 42-172-55 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

MOTHERS' PROBLEM WITH GROWING GIRLS.

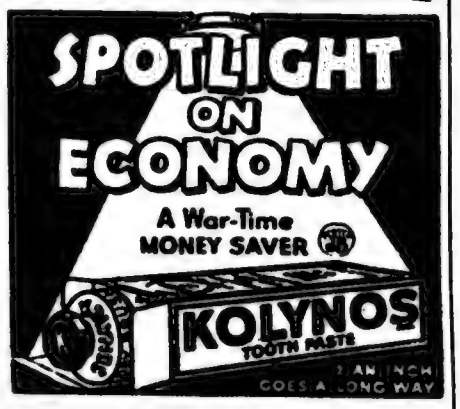
Many mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their 'teens complete and regular bowel movements are of vital importance. That is why doctors and nurses recommend a regular liquid laxative. But any strong medicine may easily harm the child and lead to serious internal troubles in later life. The ideal liquid laxative for the female constitution is 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is efficient yet gentle and safe. Give your daughters a dose once a week to make sure that the bowels are clean and entirely free from poisonous waste. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

THICK CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and stop constant hawking, sniffing and coughing, get the scientific Catarrh Remedy—"NOSTROLINE." Smear inside each nostril and gently sniff up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in double-quick time! Opens bunged-up breathing passages in 30 seconds! Kills germs. Reduces discharge. Soothes and heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, Hay Fever, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Perfectly safe. Insist on NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy, and take nothing else instead. All Chemists, 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J. 86, Bristol, 8.



"X320 Speaking"

"Breathless I seized a whistle and raced down the village street blowing sharp, short blasts"

READER'S WAR TIME STORY

C. P. L. Gillian, *of Fulham Road, London, S.W., earns the five guineas offered by "JOHN BULL" for the week's best story of War Time adventure. Take this opportunity of putting your experience into a thousand words and submitting it for publication in this series of True War Stories*

ANXIOUSLY I grabbed the telephone. "X 320 speaking." . . .

"Can you tell me whether that was a siren I just heard?" said the voice.

"It was not. Good night," I replied, somewhat curtly, perhaps forgivably. Every time I picked up that receiver I seemed to hear "Red."

It was midnight.

I had been on duty at an air raid warden's post for an hour, with seven more long night hours to go, to help the post through an emergency. And I was tired.

My temper was not improved by the knowledge that as we were on "Yellow" (the "stand by" signal) all night we should receive no "stand by" warning from police "control."

The only warning that would come would be "Red," the signal that an air raid was actually taking place.

"X 320" was our post's number, and three times within an hour the telephone had rung.

First a mother wanted to know whether her child's rattle, lost that day in the village street, had been handed in at our post.

Second, another woman wanted a warden to call on her at once because her gas mask didn't fit.

And now some anxious soul had heard an imaginary siren. Three times—it seemed to be thirty—I had picked up that telephone, imagining I would hear "Red."

You will, I know, make allowance for a fellow's nerves and testiness, especially as I've told you I was dead beat. Indeed, my presence there at all was a mere accident. It happened like this.

I HAD been awakened from my sleep at 10.30 that night. I had gone to bed early at the house of a friend in a Hertfordshire village. He had readily "put me up" when, less than a week before, the bottom had fallen out of my world, just as it had fallen out of the world of countless others.

I was a war "casualty."

I was sacked, like dozens of others in our office, on the day Germans marched into Poland.

I had fallen on poor times, compared with my once affluent circumstances. I was a clerk in a London store. The "sack" left me penniless.

I had acted in London as a volunteer warden, and that was why at 10.30 on this particular night I was awakened from an early sleep.

My friend, who was a warden in the village, was to be on duty at eleven that night, but as he was taken suddenly ill I was asked to go on duty in his place.

The senior warden agreed to the substitute after being assured that I knew the job.

Within half an hour I was at the village hall being told that we were on "Yellow" all night, that any signal that came through from "control" would be "Red," and that any frivolous calls should be treated with curtness.

I have told you of three of them, and after those three we settled down to an eerie silence, which was not made any more endurable, by primitive sleeping accommodation, for a fellow who had shortly before been unceremoniously dragged from a comfortable bed.

THE senior warden, a cheery out-of-work messenger boy, and myself spent the first hour or two discussing the latest war news. The prospect of lying down in my clothes on rough camp beds was not exactly an inducement to slumber.

Although we were sandbagged and "blacked-out," our electric light had to burn all night as a guard against anyone falling asleep.

Even that slumber-destroying light had its compensations. A village hall in the dead of night can be eerie.

The incessant note of a screech-owl outside was anything but pleasant when one was thinking in terms of sirens. The footfalls of the village special constable on his beat were grotesquely exaggerated in the stillness. The bang of a motorist's exhaust seemed reminiscent of a bomb explosion.

And, constantly, I looked across the room to the telephone, anticipating . . . and then at a tin-hat and a whistle.

I could have heard half a pin drop.

But nothing happened. Eventually dawn brought the most welcome cup of tea I have ever tasted.

Six o'clock . . . six forty-five . . . a night's vigil for nothing . . . six forty-eight, and then . . . ring-a-ring-a-ring. . . .

I stumbled across the room, grabbed the telephone receiver. "X 320 speaking." . . .

"Red" was signalled.

Breathless, I had seized a whistle within half a second and raced down the village street blowing sharp blasts. A siren shrieked an up-and-down warbling note. Warplanes zoomed overhead.

Half a mile down that street. Then back again, and in the opposite direction.

Curtains were hastily drawn, people peered out of windows. Some asked, "Is it a raid?"

Panting, I made a feeble effort at shouting "Yes."

Zoom, zoom, zoom overhead. Happily they seemed to be our own 'planes.

On and on and on I ran. Panting, panting, panting. . . . (Heavens, we city dwellers aren't tough enough for this!)

Past my friend's house . . . and then to the last house—the "big house" of the village. . . .

A bedroom window was pushed open, an assertive masculine voice, evidently that of the owner, irately asked, "What the hell's it all about? What're you waking us up for at this hour?"

I looked up, astonished. I recognised the face of the speaker at once, though many years had passed since I last saw it.

It belonged to my old sergeant, and I laughed at the recognition and the recollection. Twenty-five years before it was he who was digging me in the ribs in a dug-out in France and saying, "Wake up, you lazy devil!"

More. After the war my sergeant friend fell on hard times, just as I now had done. And, in luck's way then, to help him out I lent him £100. We lost contact soon after. The loan was never repaid. Till this moment I had forgotten it.

"Come in!" he shouted. Recognition was mutual.

"For heaven's sake, what on earth are you doing here? I've been trying to find you for years."

I explained that, by the accident of the war, I was staying at the next house. . . .

You can guess what it feels like to have one hundred pounds again.

I'm glad I blew that whistle!

Fortunately, no German bombers crossed our shores that morning.

"It's an ill air raid whistle," I thought, "that blows nobody good!"

WHY regard it as inevitable that you cannot keep clear of colds in Winter and Spring? A tin of *Potter's Catarrh Pastilles* kept handy in pocket or handbag will act as a powerful antiseptic shield against the "cold bug."

However, should you be unlucky enough to feel "sniffy" at any time, pop a pleasant *Potter's Pastille* in your mouth. It instantly melts the phlegm, clears the head and eases the throat—next morning you are "free"!

It is dangerous to neglect catarrh . . . it may mean trouble later . . . deafness, lowered vitality, loss of smell—and worse. Don't take chances—take *Potter's Catarrh Pastilles*—and arrest that cold.

Buy a tin today, 1/3 any chemist or stores, or 1/4½ post free from makers:
POTTER & CLARKE LIMITED
Art, Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

INSTANT RELIEF for CATARRH COUGHS COLDS BRONCHITIS CONGESTION HAY FEVER etc., etc.

C.P.6

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

Race with "Silver Ring"

Jumping Soon!

WHEN a flat-racing season is waning, and our thoughts are turning to jumpers, we invariably try to create interest with glowing tales of the winter's prospects. Ever since I have been concerned with racing I have read (and often written!) that "the coming National Hunt season will be the best ever."

I don't see how we can expect the next 'chasing campaign to set up any records, for the fixture list has been severely pruned.

Yet in some ways, the season will be good, and, as far as influential patronage is concerned, it may be above average.

Wealthy owners and notable trainers, who usually spend the winter on the Continent, in the United States or on a cruise, will have to stay at home, and it is reasonable to assume that they will find their entertainment in racing.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 9, to Wednesday, November 15.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: GSWK97JQ94 would read FAROUCHE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSWM93G2 would read CARDIFF.

BACKACHE

BACKACHE, urinary disorders, rheumatic pains and lumbago frequently occur when strain, worry or a cold, chill or fever has overtaxed the kidneys.

Your vital filtering organs are apt to clog up or weaken under the burden and the whole system suffers. Tissue wastes and acids from your food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes of which these organs are composed can do their work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Shave with Easy and face the world!

EASY STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER

Ordinary shaving lathers often dry before the shave is over, leaving the blade to fight its way through the stiffening bristles.

How different with Lever's Easy! Easy lather stays moist all the time; the blade slips through the softened beard without a check — effortlessly smooth and refreshing.

E 299-172 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Do you know?

Yes? or No?

IS IT TRUE

Iron-starvation reduces resistance to Colds & Influenza?

Yes, it is true. Cold and flu germs invade your body through your mouth and nose and get into your blood. Then begins a fight between your blood corpuscles and the invaders. If your blood corpuscles are vigorous and in full strength, they quickly destroy the germs. If you are IRON-STARVED, if your blood corpuscles are under-strength, then the germs get the upper hand and you go down with a heavy cold or influenza. So make sure NOW of IRON-STRENGTH and be free from winter ills and chills. Start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal!

Get IRON-strength NOW!

Winter is coming, and cold and influenza germs are massing for the attack. In bus and tube, in office and workroom, in shop and cinema, street, and home itself, they are searching for those whose defences are too weak to resist them.

Be prepared! IRON-STRENGTH IS YOUR BEST DEFENCE! Begin to build up your IRON-STRENGTH at once! Start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal!*

Soon you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement in your health and vitality. Your appetite will be keener, you will sleep better, work better. Fortified with IRON-STRENGTH you will be able to face the trying winter weather without feeling miserable and shivery, without having beastly colds, without having to spend weeks in bed with flu.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are easy to take and cannot injure your teeth. And they improve digestion. Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The 1 3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days—only a penny a day!

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For WOMEN: No. 2 For CHILDREN: No. 1

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome

Liability to Colds—Weakness—Lack of Energy—Exhausted Nerves—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.89), Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength." J.B.11 11 39

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

'EMERGENCY' SKIN TROUBLES

In these trying times skin affections are sure to increase. The nervous strain causes rashes and irritation to appear. Unaccustomed work and strange surroundings bring about attacks of eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, boils and other disfiguring, painful and persistent skin diseases. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is an old and reliable remedy for these and other skin affections. Always keep a bottle of this soothing, healing lotion handy and at the first sign of the slightest rash or irritation apply a few drops of D.D.D. Prescription. You will feel the irritation vanish as soon as the golden drops sink in and soon the trouble will be gone for good, never to reappear.

For all skin rashes, irritation, inflammation and infection you can rely on D.D.D. Prescription. Invaluable too as a first-aid antiseptic in cases of cuts, burns, scalds or slight wounds. So keep a bottle handy at home or in your first-aid kit and banish skin worries for good. Sold by chemists everywhere at 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL OFFER. A penny postcard will bring you a generous sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription. Send name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.11, Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FOR BARGAINS——

Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window" Page

——See page 2!

NEW ENEMY ON HOME FRONT

The COUGH Menace.

A NEW Enemy has appeared on the home front. It is the Cough Menace. If you are suffering from a Cough, **STOP IT INSTANTLY!** Otherwise, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chest Weakness, and other serious Respiratory troubles may be upon you! Stop your cough now by taking **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE. VENOS** is called the Lightning Cough Cure for the simple reason that **IT ACTS LIKE LIGHTNING!** Even after a few doses, you find those terrible choking paroxysms cease to trouble—your throat is no longer harsh, rasped and sore—your chest ceases to "rattle"—breathing is easier—sleep unbroken. And more than that, **VENOS** arrests the development of dangerous germs and soothes, strengthens and protects your throat, chest and lungs. Soreness and inflammation vanish from the delicate membrane lining of your respiratory organs. Get a bottle of **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE TO-DAY!**

Sold Everywhere 1/3 & 3/- per bottle.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/4½

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his dynamic stories of "Giants of the Ring," introduces the famous straight-shooting Wyatt Earp

Two-Gun Referee

Fighting mad, Bob Fitzsimmons had to be forcibly restrained. He was the only one who didn't give a fig for Wyatt Earp's reputation as a sharpshooter

THE crowd, surging so angrily around the ringside, scattered with urgent haste as Wyatt Earp stepped casually through the ropes.

For a tense few seconds he stood surveying them, his steel-grey eyes cold and menacing, the fingers of his right hand hovering, claw-like, near his hip.

Then light as a cat, he vaulted down and walked towards the exit, while a path, wide and straight as a highway, opened up like magic as men jostled and struggled frantically to give him room.

A few minutes before this now silent crowd had been on the verge of rioting.

Howling with rage and disgust, they had rushed towards the ring in which Robert Fitzsimmons was huskily and profanely protesting that he had been robbed of the fight by Wyatt Earp's verdict.

For eight rounds he had cut Tom Sharkey, the tough Irish sailor, to ribbons before finally dropping him with a smashing right to the stomach.

The big Irishman went down like a tree under the axe, and Fitz stood back against the ropes smiling confidently as Earp counted out the unconscious sailor.

As he finished the count he bent over Sharkey, who was making feeble and muzzy efforts to regain his feet, and, raising his right glove, declared him the winner on a foul!

The smile vanished from Bob's face and his jaw dropped in utter astonishment. As the truth dawned upon him, and he realised that he was being robbed of the decision, he stepped forward with his fists poised dangerously.

Swiftly his seconds closed around him and hustled him back to his corner, where he stood white with fury and loudly appealing for a chance to take just one smack at Earp.

SPECTATORS, too, were all for Fitz, and for a few minutes it seemed that a riot was inevitable. Only the fact that Wyatt Earp was the third man in the ring prevented it.

For Earp, a lean, hard-eyed individual, was a famous Western gunman. The speed and accuracy with which he could handle his much-notched six-shooter needed no advertisement.

He had spent the best part of his life in the Bad Lands where a man's life depended upon his speed on the draw. He made lightning look slow when he reached for his gun. He could shoot the pips out of a playing card with greater ease than most men could hit a barn door.

So it was not surprising that when he stepped through the ropes with his right hand hovering so dangerously near the big Colt that swung on his hip the mob fell silently back.

Fritz, who had to be forcibly restrained from following him, was the only one there who did not give a fig for Earp's reputation as a sharpshooter.

"Come back 'ere, yer lily-livered crook," he shouted. "I'll give yer something to remember me by."

He was wasting breath. The gunman, looking neither to the right nor left, ignored his furious challenges as he walked calmly away.

Some years later Fitzsimmons and Sharkey were matched again—with a different referee—and on this occasion Fitz made no mistake about the verdict.

Not that he had it all his own way, for the Irishman was a big, tough battler, and there was no love lost between the two.

The fight lasted less than five minutes, but they crowded more thrills and action into those moments than in any contest before or since.

Right through the first round it was Sharkey all the way.

He flew at Fitz like a tiger, slamming him round the ring with a vicious battery of lefts and rights that sent the "Freckled Fury" staggering groggily back upon his heels.

Dazedly seeking to guard his bruised and battered ribs from this smashing attack, Fitz dropped his gloves, and, swift as lightning, Sharkey saw his opportunity.

He swung his right glove like a sledge-hammer at Bob's unprotected chin, and the crack as it landed and the thud as the fighting blacksmith hit the canvas were like sound and echo.

FITZ lay like a dead man.

He was deaf to the voice of the referee counting the seconds over him, deaf to the wild roar of the crowd, deaf to the frantic appeals of his seconds, deaf to everything around him.

When it seemed that nothing could save him, the bell rang and he was dragged to his corner, doused and pummelled back into near consciousness.

"What 'it me?" he enquired with anxious interest.

Meanwhile, across the ring, Sharkey was half crazy with excitement. He refused to sit down, and, grasping the ropes in either glove, hung forward ready to leap upon Fitz and pound him to the floor again immediately the bell sounded.

As it did, he hurled himself across the ring, while Fitzsimmons, still only dimly aware of what was going on around him, lurched drunkenly to meet him.

The Irishman, snarling ferociously, loosed another crushing right hook at Fitz's chin, but this time the Cornishman ducked.

Simultaneously he stepped in and drove his left crisply to the sailor's stomach.

That must have been one of the most terrible punches the hammer-fisted Fitz ever delivered. It connected with a sound like a stick hitting wet clay.

WITH a groan of sheer agony Sharkey went down, white-faced and rigid, as completely out as any man could be.

Fitz was thirty-eight, and had been fighting for nearly twenty years, when he accomplished this feat. To-day most professionals begin thinking of quitting long before they reach this age. Yet Fitz, surely one of the most amazing scrappers of all time, was as fast and formidable as ever when he whipped Sharkey.

Another with whom he squared accounts during his stay in the States was his old rival, Jim Hall, debonair Australian dandy.

The old rivals were matched in New Orleans for the record-breaking purse of £8,000, the largest either of them ever fought for, but he stood no chance against this new Fitzsimmons.

Fighting with a cold and relentless fury that was almost frightening to watch, the champion scientifically battered his hated rival into unconsciousness in four one-sided rounds.

As he dropped Hall flat on his bruised and bleeding face with a last vicious left-hook, Fitz turned on his heel and walked back to his corner without so much as a backward glance.

For three years he had waited for this revenge, and you could see from the smile on his freckled face that he found it sweet.

Peter Maher, a big Irish drayman from County Galway, was one of the few who put up anything resembling a show against Fitz at this time.

Maher's first fight was with a fellow-carter in the yard of a Dublin brewery, and he arrived in the States heralded by an extraordinary fanfare of publicity.

All the New York Irish Colony turned out to meet him as tugs escorted the liner into dock, brass bands blaring "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

AS he stepped ashore, bold of eye, immensely muscled and bristlingly moustached, Maher looked every inch a champion.

But he did not look quite the same after twelve rounds with Fitzsimmons.

True he was still on his feet, but that bold eye was glazed with fast approaching unconsciousness, and his handsome Irish features were battered beyond all recognition as he reeled back to the welcome haven of his corner.

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Why Anxiety Upsets The Stomach

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Everyone is affected in some way by the present difficult times, but few people realise that worry and anxiety are common causes of indigestion. The digestive secretions of the stomach are controlled by the nervous system, and when the nerves become strained and overworked—as they do in times of anxiety—they allow the stomach to secrete too much acid. It is this excess acid that ferments food and causes painful digestive disorders, and in order to overcome the trouble it is necessary to neutralise this excess acidity. For this purpose we doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia, a standard antacid, which gives immediate and *complete* relief by instantly counteracting excess acid and by soothing, healing and strengthening the stomach.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

Nature's Remedy for RHEUMATISM

If you could afford the money and the time to have a month's Cure at a famous Spa, your Rheumatism would almost certainly benefit, because there are ingredients in Spa Waters that work wonders for Rheumatic sufferers. Chief of these properties are Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. Their function is to dissolve and rinse away the pain-creating Uric Acid that poisons the system and stiffens the muscles and joints.

But Nature's bounteous Cures are not restricted to the wealthy. In a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt, which is now recognised as the outstanding remedy for Rheumatism, there are the same three curative elements found in Spa Waters—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. Stir a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt into a glassful of cold or warm water and you have the benefits of Spa Treatment in your own home for a mere trifle. Before a week has gone you are feeling better, brighter, younger; lithe and supple in body and limb because your "morning Fynnon" has rinsed the rheumatic toxins right out of your system.

Thousands of people look on Fynnon Salt as Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism because it is made of "Nature's Salts of the Earth" and acts in Nature's way. All Chemists sell Fynnon Salt in 1/3 tins.

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You can't face abno with a weakening, vous system. Ge Dr. Cassells Tabl chemist and take tw times a day. This ders. Dr. Cassells nerve nutriments energising tissues a impaired vitality. dose to-day!

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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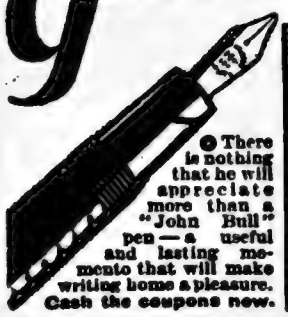

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WHILE YOU'RE MAKING MONEY!

10,000 WOMEN WANTED, AGED 21 TO 60, to form G.U.S. Shilling Clubs! Ten thousand women . . . who long for some new interest in life . . . who want to earn a useful spare-time income . . . who are looking for a way to make new friends. Are YOU one of them? Then start your G.U.S. Shilling Club NOW. It's easy to run—costs you nothing—only takes a few minutes of your time each week. Send to-day for FREE Outfit, value 7/6, including useful Booklet, Stationery and mammoth 472-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains.

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Mrs. Bradley, of Hull, writes: *The wisest thing I ever did was to post that coupon for particulars of your Shilling Clubs. What with the very generous commission and bonuses, I reckon that the ha'penny I spent on the stamp has already gained me more than £3!*

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To GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
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A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.11, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

'John Bull's' Xmas PRIZES INCREASED AGAIN!

Win £6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE

FINE PENSION or LUMP SUM of £325

£150 INCREASED TOTAL OF CASH and CHRISTMAS FEASTS

CASH PRIZES ACCOMPANIED BY XMAS HAMPERS, TURKEYS OR FOWLS, WILL BE RECEIVED BY 1st RUNNERS-UP

Win Your Xmas Dinner NOW!

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS to 2nd RUNNERS-UP

UP again go the prizes for "John Bull's" Pension Crossword, urging you to get down at once to the entertaining Clues below.

Carefully complete your squares, post by not later than last collection on Saturday, November 18, and a Joy Wire on the following Friday may well announce you winner of a fine increased Pension of £6 Monthly for Life.

The 102nd outright winner in "John Bull's" Crossword is announced below—you can be next!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 177th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 30. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£200 Plus Xmas Hamper, Turkey and Cake, FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for this week's fine offer of Cash and Christmas Fare, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 31.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Red one may be too strong for many people
4. Swearing is means a serious one
5. Player might be well-advised to watch suspected card-sharper's closely
8. Industrious little insect
9. One placed in front of picture may be to protect it
10. Flowers round this help to make it look attractive
17. When coffee is very hot, one may have to do this until it's cool enough to drink
19. Some children seem to be afraid of one
20. Pedestrian should take this when crossing road
21. Usually means expense for shopkeeper if his window's not insured
22. Fruit grower may be very pleased when he gets a good one

DOWN CLUES

1. Busy photographer usually has one suitable for producing prints
2. Possess
3. When you get good one in paper it's quite a sound plan to back it
6. May indicate some sort of deficiency
7. Travelling ones keep people warm in cars
11. Such a track should not worry climber much
12. Man with aptitude for witty answers will often get one in this
13. You don't stand on ceremony if you manage to catch yours in trap
14. Mother's upset when toddler does this
15. C.I.D. man may possibly be a bit suspicious when he sees regular thief is this
16. Inexperienced hikers very often take wrong one and tire themselves needlessly
18. Go astray

PENSION WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword No. 174.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 174, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

Mrs. G. K. BRUTY,
13, The Brent, Dartford, Kent.

This competitor will receive £1 Weekly for Life or a lump sum of £250 cash.

The Award of £100 in Cash and Winter Blankets to Runners-up has been divided between 28 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive Cash and Winter Blankets to the value of £3 17s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 198 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. POOL. 2. TEAK or TEAM. 4. SHACK. 9. HILL. 10. BAG. 11. LAMP. 12. TAXES. 13. EVIL. 19. PIER. 20. WAIF. 21. NOISE. DOWN.—2. TAN. 3. HAT. 5. CALM. 6. PLANE. 7. DIAL. 8. TASTE. 12. PEST. 13. TRAP. 14. RAIN. 15. BLOWS. 16. TRAIT. 17. HERO.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point TEAK and TEAM were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 177, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 177, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Nov. 18

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, November 18, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 30. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

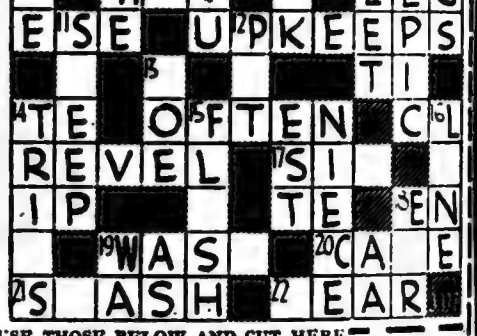
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £325 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

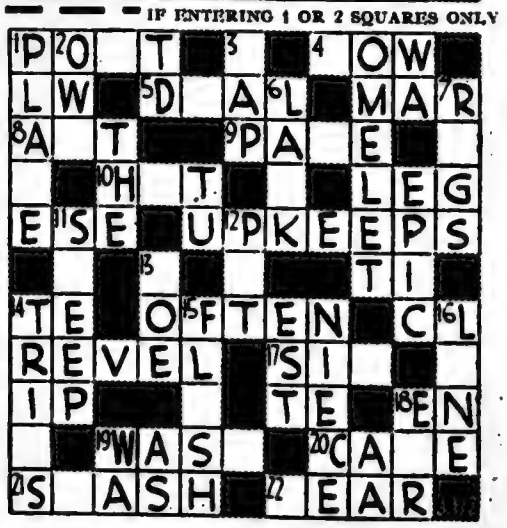
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 177. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No.....

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FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick **SIX 1½d. stamps**

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick **EIGHT 1½d. stamps** Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.

Tommy, Jack, and Bill

NOT enough for Parliament to be assured that, even though every soldier may not have received his quota, military supplies are now adequate!

A month has passed since we exposed the plight of soldiers mounting guard at night without greatcoats.

Yet official snails are content to let this scandal continue.

Particularly incensed are former Territorials who have only the summer clothes that they took to camp three months ago.

Not even an issue of winter underclothing has been made to them. While they are shivering with cold on parade or night guard, twenty-year-olds, drafted to their camps, have plentiful supplies of warm clothing.

Why the distinction? Why are there not ample supplies for all?

Officialdom must answer as promptly as JOHN BULL answers the hundreds of queries we receive from the families of men serving with the Colours.

Service problems, disputes between landlords and tenants, official blunderings; our Free Advice Service deals with all these doubts and difficulties, the inevitable products of war.

Here is a further selection of questions and abbreviated answers from our postbag:—

J. I., Durham.—"My son, just called up, has been told by his commanding officer that he cannot make an allowance to his mother. Is this correct?"

Your son can please himself whether he makes an allotment to his parents from his pay. It has nothing to do with the Army. A dependant's allowance is another matter. This cannot be claimed unless he was the support of his father or mother.

H. W., Swansea.—"My brother, before being called up, was a mechanical handyman. Can he insist on being retained for Home Service?"

Any soldier is at the disposal of the authorities and can be sent wherever they choose if he is medically fit.

Mrs. N., Woodford.—"Because I cannot pay full rent now that my eldest boy—the breadwinner—has been accepted for the Navy, my landlord has told me to get out or he will levy distress on my home."

Bluff! He must obtain a court order before taking any action, and this will not be granted if you continue to pay as much as you can reasonably afford.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

Here's Your 10-Minute Wits Test

IN each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a ten-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 31, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week.

Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that you can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

Frightfulness—We F . . e—We've "Ace."

Grandpa Wishes—He Had Hitler's W . . d!

Pilot Winston—Makes O . . . . . M Britain's "Convoy."

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

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SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

CARNIVAL HATS, NOVELTIES, BALLOONS, etc., Decorations, Fancy Costumes. Bargain list free.—"Unodus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

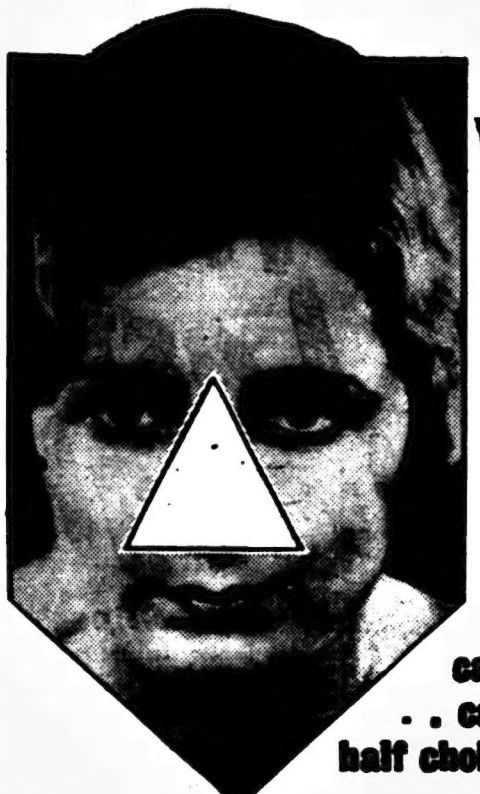
SMART WOOLLY SWING SKIRTS at genuine liquidation price. Limited number only. See Utility Products offer on page 2.

WALLPAPER direct from 2½d. per roll. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

EMPLOYMENT.

POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience.—For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.



WHO WANTS MY NOSE ?

Always sniffing . . . can't smell . . can't taste . . can't enjoy anything . . half choked . . can't breathe . .

Is Catarrh spoiling your enjoyment of life? Is it ruining your looks? Making you heavy eyed and unprepossessing? Is it gradually breaking down your health and making you feel miserable, depressed and only "half-alive"? Do you wake in the morning with your nose and throat blocked with mucus?

CATARRH

CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS | LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS | QUICKLY SPOILS GOOD LOOKS | POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM | CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days.

You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than to-day!

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum.' This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. Stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of All Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some today.

MENTHOLATUM
BRAND BALM

6D. *tins and* **1/3** *jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Back*

If you prefer, ask for the **LIQUID** form, price **1/3** complete with dropper.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL every kind, Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (123), Birmingham.

XMAS WHOLESALE Catalogues now ready. Keenest values and prompt deliveries for the draper, market man, etc. Send p.c.—Archers, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

DRAPERS.—104-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. guid. W'sale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & M.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 83, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1939 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

TRACERS AND DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS required urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 343), Chislehurst, Kent.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), Chislehurst, Kent.

POLICE FORCE.—Married & single men, age 19-27, urgently required for reserved occupations. Start £3 wkly.—For FREE GUIDE to simple entrance requirements apply, CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), Chislehurst, Kent.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read the special message and advice of Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield) on page 4. It may make a wonderful difference to your future!—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned. Fill in and post the Coupon now!

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A BALMORAL XMAS CARD BOOK now ready, contains largest range CARDS AND CALENDARS. Patriotic Greetings: War Service Badges. "Finest collection Published." Easy Agents. Highest Commission. Prizes. BOOK FREE and Carriage paid.—STEWARTS Dept. A., Balmoral Works, Blackburn.

YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 4 and be sure to write to-night to BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

EARN GOOD MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME. Become an Agent for G.U.S. Shilling Clubs. Easy to run; big commis. 472-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains. Send for complete Outfit, value 7/6, FREE, from Great Universal Stores, Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS wanted, either sex, for world-famed "Imperial" Series. No increased prices. Agents say the outstanding Sample Book of the year. Contains beautiful and original designs and novelties, with special War-time Greetings. Highest Commission and Prizes for all.—Apply, LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO. (Dept. 228), LANCASTER.

AGENTS WANTED. Prte. Christmas Cards, World-famed "Orient" Smpl. Book FREE & CARR. PAID. Contains Calendars, Novel Blotter, Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork Calendar, Animal Studies, Beautiful Greeting Cards and Novelties. SPECIAL PATRIOTIC GREETINGS and War Service Badges. Highest Comm. & Prizes.—HAMILTON, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 713, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE trial of Magic Pile Cure is offered on p. 23 to readers who suffer from this complaint. Turn to this now.

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet offered by makers of Iron Jelloids. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Iron Jelloid Co. (Dept. J89), Watford, Herts.

RUN-DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Ovstrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 4½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "O," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

DO YOUR FEET ACHE? Why put up with it? An Omniped soft, springy pad snugly fitted under the sole and held by light rubber bands is automatically massages at every step. Obtainable from all leading Chemists or direct by sending 3/11 plus 4d. postage to INTERNATIONAL FOOT APPLIANCES, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 92, Baker Street, W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies bought outright; also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

CLEAN CHIMNEYS & DRAINS with super chimney-sweeping and drain-cleaning machines. Complete set, 14/6.—By Tyzack, see page 2.

FREE! Fill in the coupon on page 27 in Ot. Universal Stores announcement, for free catalogue. Agent's Outfit and free book telling you how you can make extra money.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war-time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (60B), Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

MANY mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters—are busy at the moment seeing what they can get together to send to the boys who are away doing their duty. Very often they find considerable difficulty in making up a package strong enough or transportable enough to feel sure that it will arrive there in good condition. That is why the two new Service Packs brought out by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., are proving so useful—to those of us who have menfolk away from home. Both contain two cakes of Pears Original Transparent Soap—always popular with men—a "Jiff" Shaving Stick and a strong, light metal case containing Pears Solid Brilliantine. The "Darts Special" edition of the Service pack contains in addition a match set of darts in a handy pocket morocco style case, which the lads will be able to carry about with them or keep safely in their billets. All these are put into a special box—ready packed and labelled for sending away. This container has been specially designed to comply with Customs requirements. All you have to do is to write the name and address on the label and send the package through the post. You can be sure that it will arrive safely and in good condition. If you are sending a bigger parcel, well, this Service Pack will fit nice and snugly into it. You can get the "Pears Service Pack" from your usual Dealer, and there is no charge for the box. If your Dealer is sold out—the demand has been very great—he can get you supplies quickly.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious SPOTTED DICK!
(from the new Borwick Recipe Book)

8 oz. plain flour — 4 oz. suet (shredded)
1 egg, little milk — 2 oz. currants
1 oz. chopped peel — 2 oz. sugar
1 heaped teaspoon BORWICK'S — Pinch salt

Sift together flour, sugar, salt and Borwick's. Add suet and fruit. Bind to stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Put in greased basin, cover with greased paper. Boil 3 hrs. Serve with white sauce or hot custard.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
and plain flour is cheapest

6 ABSCESSES
From Hip to Knee

"I had as many as six abscesses discharging at one time, from hip to knee. I can safely say that I believe it was nothing but Holloways Ointment that saved my leg, and perhaps my life . . ."

Six sore, throbbing, "drawing" abscesses discharging at once! One cannot even imagine the torture this lady must have endured. One can only marvel, with her, at the great healing power of HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT.

Told He Would LOSE HIS LEG

Imagine after suffering agony for 2 years, your only reward being told you must have your leg off. Yet that is precisely what happened to the man who writes this letter :—

"I had a very bad leg for two years. It was quite putrefied and everyone who saw it told me I should be obliged to have my leg off. I thought I would try Holloways Brand Ointment. The leg is now perfectly healed! It took just a month."

NEW SKIN IN FOUR DAYS

"A friend of mine had two gathered fingers, with great swelling and extreme pain. I gave him some Holloways Ointment on Sunday morning and on the following Thursday new skin was formed. A woman I know had an abscess on her wrist. Holloways Ointment healed it in a fortnight. I have myself found it most effective, too."

Holloways Ointment is the all-powerful healer of all skin troubles. You may have a pimple or a severe outbreak of eczema—you may have a slight cut or an ugly festering wound—a scratch or a scald—a spot or a painful throbbing abscess—WHATEVER YOUR SKIN TROUBLE MAY BE, YOUR SAFEST AND SWIFTEST REMEDY IS HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

FOR WHEEZY CHEST GO SUCK A ZUBE
3d and 6d in flat tins

THE KID - - - - - - BY LEES

The Last Laugh

and "Side-Slips"

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SOUTH KIRBY, SOUTH ELMSALL AND HEMSWORTH TIMES: —"Later, the PARISH radio quoted reports that Lithuania would sign a pact . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"M—— and D—— had efforts nipped in the BUD only at the last moment."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Belmont Banks at Guisborough had been almost cleaned out of RABBITS by poachers. . ."

CAPTAIN N. (Dorset).—"Do you know what I rely on to get a good polish on my Sam Browne?" Your batman?

MISS G. (Godstone).—"My young man is a lieutenant with very nice ways." And means?

MAC. (Oban).—"My son always gets the same thing on his birthday." A year older?

E. S. (Folkestone).—"Do you know what I have joined the Army for?" The duration?

K. K. (Cambridge).—"In war time all our culture is absolutely worthless." What about agriculture?

PUGILIST (East Ham).—"The first thing that struck me was that I was being carried out of the ring and back to the dressing-room." The *first* thing?

F. G. (Leominster).—"My opponent at billiards had a big lead, but I thought I could soon make a hole in it." And you made it in the cloth instead?

MRS. T. (Clacton).—"Can you give me any hints on the storing of apples in an attic?" Keep it locked if there are any children in the house.

OLD SOLDIER (Leamington).—"There was one thing about parade-ground drill—it used to keep our blood warm." It made ours positively boil at times.

P. R. (Edgware).—"Our house caught fire the other night." Did the air warden knock at the door to say you were showing a light?

F P. (St. Albans).—"Things become brightest just after they are at their blackest." Then we may expect to see a cheery blaze in our railway waiting-room grate any week now.

A. L. (Seaford).—"As both the neighbours and ourselves have finished our petrol coupons we enjoy friendly bridge games every evening." It takes a war to make bridge friendly.

P.O. (Portsmouth).—"What would you do if you were suddenly blown into the sea by a torpedo?" Swim.

R. C. (Truro).—"Do you drink, Mr. Editor?" Is that an invitation or merely curiosity?

W. L. (Windsor).—"Some people who wear glasses are nervous during air-raid warnings." Few, however, bother to criss-cross their lenses with gummed paper.

MISS S. (Dunstable).—"I know several men serving on submarines, and all of them write me affectionate letters nearly every week." So sailors *do* care.

LODGER (Hackney).—"My landlord's mother-in-law has arrived at the house on an extended visit. What should I do?" Declare your strict neutrality.

D. N. (Sutton).—"He weighed 18 stone when he was in an Army band and claimed to be the heaviest trumpeter in India." He forgot the elephants.

MRS. D. (Tooting).—"My neighbour said I looked as if I had been in a black-out collision with the bandage on my head." And it was really your new hat?

R. N. (Kenton).—"I walked round certain parts of London trying to find your offices but in vain. Where exactly are they?" Oh, somewhere in England.

F. S. (Aylesbury).—"I misunderstood the boss when he asked whether I was prepared to fill a gap." You thought he meant it was dinner time?

F. K. (Whitby).—"The air raid warning rather unnerved me but I took my courage in both hands." Did you manage not to spill any?

R. F. (Evesham).—"I went the wrong way and walked straight into the river. I was absolutely soaked." You must have been, to do a thing like that.

INSTRUCTOR (R.A.F.).—"One of the youngsters I am training is going to turn out to be a crack pilot." So you've got an ace up your sleeve, have you?

G. B. (Okehampton).—"The new income tax will put a lot of people in the cart." And the new beer tax will put a lot on the wagon.

A. P. (Luton).—"I have a bath nearly every morning. Sometimes I take it hot and sometimes I take it cold." And sometimes for granted?

P. G. (Reading).—"To my certain knowledge, a number of tradesmen are wasting a great deal of paper every week." Then why don't you pay your bills?

L. B. (Wantage).—"So many women wear trousers nowadays that when two people are together, it is difficult to tell which is a man and which is a woman." The one listening is the man.

W. T. (Oxford).—"Fairy-tales are no longer broadcast to children on the German home radio." The short-wave propaganda stations will brook no opposition.

W. K. (Iver).—"Everybody seems to know the location of the B.B.C. secret headquarters." Sooner or later the Ministry of Information will get to hear about it.

G. L. (Frome).—"In my opinion, Scotland wants more protection against air raiders." Yes, but it is very difficult to suddenly mobilise all its bagpipe-players at one particular spot.

B. D. (Croydon).—"I woke up, all my money was stolen. I reached for my revolver under my pillow, but I never fired. Do you know why not?" Yes—you'd have been a widower had you done so.

O. N. (Wrexham).—"At a riding school they asked me to pay for the hire of the horse in advance. Surely they didn't think I'd come back without the animal?" Perhaps they thought it would come back without you.

If you are troubled by any [illegible] of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking the envelope "Free Advice." The reply to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Bullet in the Bull's-eye!

FIRST we offer congratulations to Reader George Taylor, Walsingham Street, Walsall, who claimed £150 last week for a timely *Bullet* that found a bull's-eye—To Beat The U-boats—*and* The Bombers, Dig!

He thought of gardeners digging to produce food that could not be endangered by U-boats, then of the digging that provides security against bombers.

"As one who fought and was wounded in the last war to end war," he says, "I'm sorry that we are being reminded to-day of a First Prize *Bullet* of the past, but one that will always live: All Wrong—"Crosses" Marking Civilisation's "Mistakes."

Congratulations also to Reader A. J. Platt, of Barry Road, Pwllgwaun, Rontypridd, who makes a weekly habit of working out our entertaining puzzles, had a £71 success last year and has now been awarded £125.

"I usually spend one evening a week with a friend on a preliminary discussion of the Clues," he told JOHN BULL. "They have been carefully constructed, so they must be just as carefully examined."

"It's Miriam, sir—the mascot. She ate the Corporal's 'Bullets' last night and she hasn't quite digested them yet"

Recommending weekly study of our *Crossword Gazette*, Mr. Platt says there is always *one* definite, common-sense Answer to each Clue. His methods find it!

Now, what are *you* going to do about this week's many *Bullets* and Crossword opportunities? Sit back and leave the Life Pension big cheques and Christmas Dinners to others?

Be wise and have a Competition evening by your fireside, using a coupon from page 28 or 31 to fill your pocket with prize-money.

LAST WEEKS of XMAS FEASTS

OFFER INCREASED YET AGAIN!

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£200

CASH plus XMAS HAMPER, TURKEY & CAKE

NOW! 2,100 Other Prizes - ONE WEEK ONLY

£20 plus XMAS TURKEY

£10 plus XMAS TURKEY

£5 plus FOWL

£4 plus FOWL

£3 plus FOWL

10 of £2·10 EACH PLUS FOWL

30 PRIZE TURKEYS

30 SURREY FOWLS

50 XMAS CAKES

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

Be Quick for "John Bull's" Big Xmas Party!

HOW TO WIN

ENTER the best *Bullet* in this seasonable big one-week Offer and, in addition to £200 cash immediately, you will later receive a well-filled Hamper, a Turkey and a delicious big Christmas Cake in good time for December 25.

There is cash and seasonable fare galore for other entrants of neat efforts, but already the closing weeks of Christmas Feasts are announced and you must be quick if you want to enjoy a fine *Bullets* Hamper, Turkey, Surrey Fowl or Cake on Christmas Day.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the given *Examples*—or to one which you have completed for yourself as directed.

For instance, to the *Example* HELPING THE ENEMY, a Manchester entrant won a substantial cheque by adding the words GRUMBLING—USE *YOUR* "INTELLIGENCE"! See for yourself how easily you could have made up any of this week's prize-winning *Bullets*, published below; then make a start on your own efforts, remembering to post your entry on or before Sat., Nov. 18.

'BULLETS' 1,192 RESULT

First Prize, £200:

C.Q.M.-Sgt. J. WOOD, "B" Coy., 8th Royal Scots, c/o Army Post Office.

Example: WE NEED MORE FOOD, SO

Bullet: START "HOARDING" IN *Gardens*!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

P. W. BUTLER, 7, Mayfield Road, Newquay, Cornwall.

Example: Now Hubby's A Soldier

Bullet: God "Spare"—I Can't!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. C. E. CARDELL, 28, Vine Street, Salford.

Example: Red Tape

Bullet: Until Office-boy Handled It!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: W. C. FAIR, c/o Buckhurst Lodge, Best Beech Hill, Tunbridge Wells.
We Need More Food, So—"Yeoman" Important As "Guard."

£4: H. SOUTHERN, 92, Hornby Street, Wigan.
Frightfulness—We Face—We've "Ace."

£3: J. GREAVES, 21, Alexander Drive, Timperley, Cheshire.
Disappointed Man—Hitler—"Joseph" *Interrupted* Dreams.

£3: D. HILSLEY, 143, Jamaica Road, London.
Pilot Winston—Makes Optimism Britain's "Convoy."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. W. ALKER, 9, Livesey Street, Rishton, Blackburn.
Hitler And Stalin—Both Desperados—One's Desperate.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. R. CARTWRIGHT, 7, Wragby Road, Lincoln.
Seizing His Chance—Photographer—Bouquets Obscuring Bridegroom!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. J. A. CLARKE, Ash Farm, Bollington, Altrincham.
We Need More Food, So—Don't Take Goering Prisoner!

EVA, 6, Headland Road, Newquay, Cornwall.
Ministry Of Information—Using Scissors *Discreetly*, Barber's!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

GILLING, Glynllivon, Town End Road, Holmfirth, Yorks.
Red Tape—Mustn't Become Hitler's "Life-Line."

W. HILDER, 7, Terminus Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
How To Get Taken—Prisoner—Underfed Fritz's Problem!

E. NEWBLE, Westville, Facit, Rochdale.
Black Treachery — Rewarded — Kremlin's "Shadow" Grows.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

D. SHAW, 8, Edward Bond House, Cromer Street, London.
Out Of Petrol—Despite Six Priority Labels!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SUTHERLAND, 19, Malvern Road, Liverpool.
To Help Tommy—Tragic, Sending "Uncle" Parcel.

M. TURNER, 3, Kingston Grove, Thackley, Bradford.
Grandpa Wishes—He Had Hitler's "Wind"!

List of 30 winners of Winter-Warmth prize can be seen at these offices.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being humour, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received will have careful consideration by a competent panel of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 29, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword this week.

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE A POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,196

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

Closing postmark, SAT., NOV. 18.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

NOW THERE'S A WAR ON
STALIN'S GAME
THANKS TO THE CENSOR
LET'S BE FAIR AND
WHAT WE EXPECT
TIGER CORT
BEYOND A JOKE
TRUST TOMMY AND
AUNTIE'S LEARNING NURSING, SO
HEARD IN THE BLACK-OUT
THE REAL GERMANY
OUR DACHSHUND
TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE
UPSET THE COLONEL
ARMED TO THE TEETH
JUST AS IN 1914
ANNOYED GRANNIE
ON THE AIR
NOW DAD'S A SPECIAL
PEACEFUL LAND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

MEETING HIS .....
WHEN ..... SAID "NO!"
WINSTON'S .....
HELP THE ..... AND
OPEN TO .....
IN ..... TO-DAY

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,196

Closing postmark SAT., NOV. 18

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,196, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,196, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, NOV. 18

COULD SCARCELY EAT BREAD AND BUTTER

Life Ruined by Nerves and Indigestion

NOW—"Full Of Energy And A Different Person"

"I Would Rather Go Without A New Hat Than My YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic

Braintree.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write and thank you for the wonderful value of Yeast-Vite Tablets, which I cannot speak too highly of.

I have been treated for years for nerves and indigestion and have spent pounds on medicine, also tried almost every tablet and medicine advertised, but find Yeast-Vite wonderful. I have had the tablets now for over a year and find I am better in every way, can eat anything, whereas before I could scarcely eat bread and butter. I have put on weight and feel full of energy and like a different person.

For 'Flu colds they are marvellous, both for myself and my daughter aged 12 years. Whenever we feel a 'Flu cold coming we fly to Yeast-Vite, and for bus and train sickness I have also proved their value.

I have recommended them to

—at least twelve people who would not be without them for worlds;

—also my friend for heartburn in expectant mothers and now she would not be without a bottle in the house;

—also a friend who is a lady dispenser in town, and she has come in to tell me what wonderful results she has had.

And so we pass on the wonderful value of your Tablets. I am quite confident I would rather go without a new hat than my Yeast-Vite.

Yours, Mrs. N. G.

Norwich.

Dear Sirs,—Once again I am writing to tell you I think your Yeast-Vite Tablets are wonderful; I had a bad attack of Neuritis and could hardly use my arm, but glad to say after taking 4 bottles of your Tablets it is quite gone. I am always telling my friends to try Yeast-Vite; they take away depression and pain.

Yours gratefully, Mrs. C.

HYSTERIA, NERVES AND INSOMNIA

Leeds.

Dear Sirs,—Previous to the birth of my first child I was a constant sufferer from Hysteria, Nerves, Insomnia and many other disorders.

After the trial of many remedies a friend recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets. The result after the first dose was most effective; at the end of the first day the soothing was like magic to my over-tired nerves. That night I enjoyed my first unbroken and restful sleep for many weeks. The following day my whole body returned to its normal functions, and I felt better in every way.

I am looking forward to the birth of my second child in a short time, free from the anxieties attending the first, thanks entirely to Yeast-Vite Tablets, which I am now a constant user of, and can thoroughly recommend to all who suffer from loss of appetite, sleeplessness, indigestion, headaches, insomnia and hysteria.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. G. T.

Nurse's Breakdown

Ilford.

Dear Sirs,—After having been through the last Great War—on Foreign as well as Home Service—at the end I had a severe breakdown in health, which lasted for a long period. On being recommended to try "Yeast-Vite" Tablets, as a tonic, I found in a week or two that I was feeling to be gaining in strength, could sleep peacefully and my nerves ceased to trouble me.

I have taken them now constantly since the War, and have enjoyed good health, enabling me to still carry on my nursing profession. Whenever I can I recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets to patients as a continued tonic when they are convalescent from any serious illness.

Thanking you for my good health,

Yours faithfully, F.B.

(Nursing Sister.)

HEADACHE LASTED 3 DAYS AND NIGHTS

Worcester.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it is only fair to let you know the benefit I have derived since taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets. I am 50 years of age and used to get such awful headaches that the pain kept me awake at nights. They generally lasted 3 days and nights. I suddenly remembered one day how a friend of mine quite 6 years ago told me how his mother had benefited by them, and you can imagine my relief when I tried them and found such amazing results. The headaches are very much less frequent, and I always order Yeast-Vite in my weekly shopping and recommend them to all my friends that are going through the same time of life as myself.

Yours, etc., Mrs. H.

"I Should Like Other People to Feel As I Do"

Sheffield 7.

Dear Sirs,—After reading about your advert re Yeast-Vite I thought I would try a bottle. I have felt ill for some time but I am so delighted with the result I felt I must write and tell you. I have had 2 small bottles and the result is wonderful. I can hardly believe I am the same person. I have told lots of my friends and they think the same as I do about them.

Should you care to use this letter I shall be very pleased, because I should like other people to feel the same as I do.

Yours very sincerely, Mrs. N.

"I Should Like Other Sufferers To Believe Me"

Weymouth.

Dear Sirs,—I am taking the liberty to write to you in great praise of your Yeast-Vite. I was home ill for several months. I was then sent to hospital where I remained for five weeks, being treated for gastric stomach. I then came out not feeling much better, not being able to eat hardly anything unless I suffered much pain. Seeing your adverts for Yeast-Vite I decided to try them, and after several doses I have found relief and much to my delight I am now a new man. I am now taking them regularly and have recommended them to many of my customers, who have come back with the same good results as I myself. I have no objection at all for you to use my letter, for I should like other sufferers to believe me and try them for themselves.

Yours and oblige (Signed), H. A.

Completely RUN-DOWN, Suffered from INSOMNIA And Continual COLDS

Dear Sirs, *Ireland.*

I take great pleasure in writing to you on behalf of your excellent tonic. Some time ago I felt completely run-down, suffered from insomnia and continuous colds, so I started taking a course of Yeast-Vite and I can truthfully say the effect was marvellous. I feel a different person altogether. I shall strongly recommend them to all my patients in future.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. E. (S.R.N.) (S.C.M.).

Amersham.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets now for a long time and I must say that having suffered for years from stomach trouble I find great relief after taking your Tablets and have never felt so well for years.

I shall always recommend your Tablets to anyone that suffers, as I think they are very good.

I remain, yours, J. H.

"Invaluable" for Insomnia

Blackpool.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I should like to take the opportunity of saying what a lot of benefit I have gained through taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets. For about 3 years I have scarcely ever been without them, for Sleeplessness they are invaluable.

When I feel off colour I take 2 Tablets, then in a very short time I feel quite myself. I have recommended them to quite a lot of friends, who have found them quite beneficial in their many ailments.

Yours truly, Mrs. H.

Why not try Yeast-Vite yourself? If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

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